

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Security Report

ANYONE expecting a sensational report by the committee of Privy Counsellors set up to investigate the British civil service security system must now be suffering a acute disappointment. Nothing could be more moderate in tone, or more soothing in judgment.

The committee reaches one comforting conclusion — comforting at least for those whose duty it is to safeguard the security of the civil service; it is that "nothing is organically wrong or unsound with existing security arrangements." The reassurance can be accepted, though some will hold a mental reservation about the effectiveness of the system when they recall how poorly it functioned in the case of Burgess and Maclean.

No matter how watertight and foolproof the security system be on paper, the hurtful truth remains that there was much slothfulness in the security handling of Burgess and Maclean. This is tacitly admitted by the Privy Counsellors by virtue of their recommendation that "steps must be taken to see that secret information is not handled by anyone who, for ideological or other motives, may betray it."

THE committee, in its recommendations, lays stress on the necessity of identifying Communists and Communist sympathisers within the civil service who, because of their predilections, are susceptible to Communist pressure and therefore a danger to security. That is, of course, a proper safeguard to adopt. Burgess and Maclean provide a striking example.

But a person can become a security risk for reasons other than possessing an ideology incompatible with his official employment. Burgess and Maclean possessed moral deficiencies which also made them susceptible to pressure from Communist agents.

The rectitude of a person is not to be judged wholly by the purity of his politics, should he profess any. His behaviour both in and out of office must be a fundamental consideration, and must, more than ever before, come under the close scrutiny of the security service.

RIOTS IN SALONICA FOLLOW PRELATE'S DEPORTATION
EXILE FOR MAKARIOS
IN SEYCHELLES

Greek Regency
Council Meets

Nicosia, Mar. 9.

Reliable sources reported tonight that Archbishop Makarios is being exiled to the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean.

Makarios and three other Greek Orthodox Churchmen were arrested and deported today as the Governor, Field Marshal Sir John Harding, cracked down on union-with-Greece leaders.

Makarios was put aboard a Royal Air Force transport as he arrived at the airport here for a flight to Greece. The plane was scheduled to make its first stop at Aden on the southwest tip of the Arabian peninsula, sources here said.

The Government would not say where Makarios was taken.

Thirty persons were reported to have been injured in Salonica

tonight when police clashed with demonstrators protesting against the arrest by the British of Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus.

The crowd finally was dispersed. Small groups of demonstrators roamed the streets of Salonica shouting anti-British slogans.

A large crowd had already gathered at the Athens airport this afternoon to welcome Archbishop Makarios when word was received of his arrest by the British at Nicosia.

Students jammed buses returning to town, shouting "Down with Britain." Motor-vehicle policemen were assigned to escort the vehicles back to prevent violent demonstrations.

There was no immediate official reaction, but it was learned that a meeting of the Regency Council of Ministers has been called for tonight, and that attempts were being made, without results thus far, to telephone the Greek Consulate at Nicosia.

Heavy police patrols were assigned to Athens streets and the approaches to the airport were ordered to all except those on official business. Guards were posted outside the British and American Embassies.

United Press.

NICOSIA MOURNING

Cyprus, Mar. 9.
All entertainment spots in Nicosia were shut tonight as a sign of national mourning of the deportation today of Archbishop Makarios, leader of this British colony's union with Greece movement.

Neon lights in fashionable Mezeas Square were dimmed and the streets deserted.

Terrorists flung a bomb at a security forces patrol outside a local cabaret in Famagusta tonight and slightly injured one of the patrol.

At Kathikas village, ten miles north of Famagusta, a bomb was thrown at an army patrol but exploded harmlessly.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: The man who made murder his business, by Florence Kilpatrick. The "Giles" boy writes from Las Palmas.

P. 6: The George Shearing story, by Russell Howe.

P. 7: George Whiting's "star of sport" this week is Jaroslav Drobný.

France bids up the cold war against "The Rock".

P. 8: The amazing seven-octave voice of Jennifer Johnson.

P. 13: T. E. B. Clarke, script-writer of "Passport to Pimlico" is taking his passport to Hollywood, discovering America as he goes.

The Bride Did
Not Attend

Kuala Lumpur, Mar. 9.

The beautiful dark-haired Tunku (princess) Dahiyyah of Negri Sembilan was married tonight to a handsome Malay prince, but did not attend her own wedding ceremony.

According to Malayan custom the Crown Prince of Kedah took the wedding vows before a Moslem priest and his representatives presented a token dowry of £120 to his bride's family.

The 24-year-old prince arrived today in a gleaming yellow Rolls Royce to take part in four days of celebrating.

The most spectacular ceremony of all will commence on Sunday when the young couple will sit in state before a gathering of Malayan dignitaries in glittering robes of state, and British officials led by the High Commissioner, Sir Donald Macgillivray.

It is the first time in Negri Sembilan's long history that a royal princess has married outside her state.

The couple met in England where both were university students.

—Reuter.

STOP PRESS

GREEK ENVOY
RECALLED

Athens, Mar. 9.

The Greek Foreign Minister, Mr. Spiros Theotokis, announced tonight that the Greek Ambassador to London, Mr. Moutakas, had been recalled.

—Reuter.

VIOLENT TUNIS
ANTI-AMERICAN
DEMONSTRATION

Tunis, Mar. 9.

French settlers stormed the offices of the US Consulate-General and wrecked the quarters of the US Information Service in riotous anti-American demonstrations here today.

Officials reported that one Frenchman was fatally wounded by gunfire when the rioters broke into a nationalist newspaper office. Two newspaper employees were beaten severely.

French Army units moved in tonight and took up positions at key points in the city. The troops and police used tear gas to disperse the rioters.

The angry mob, rioting over what they charged was American interference in French-Tunisian affairs, trapped American Vice-Consul George Mailpoux, his wife and their son in the building, but did not harm them, an official said.

Chanting the Marseilles, the rioters surged through five offices in the Consulate, ripping open drawers and files and tearing up official documents. More than 100 of the demonstrators rampaged through the building while hundreds of others milled about outside.

The mob then moved on to smash the US Information Service's office in the European quarter of the city.

PLANT PILLAGED

Continuing their destructive march through the city, the mob broke into and pillaged the plant of a newspaper published by a member of the nationalist Neo-Destour Party.

The rioting was ignited by the burial ceremonies for two French brothers assassinated by native rebels. A crowd of more than 10,000 French settlers attended the services.

French High Commissioner Roger Seydoux also attended. Members of the crowd turned on him when he attempted to leave.

The rioters massed around his car, angrily protesting against what they charged was France's failure to protect their interests in Tunisia. Mr. Seydoux finally drove away under a barrage of stones.

YOUNG FRENCHMEN

Most of the demonstrators were young Frenchmen. They were joined by others and marched into Tunis behind a French flag to vent their wrath on the United States property.

The rioters stomped momentarily at the monument to the dead before moving on to the US Consulate. They battered down the door and stormed through the building.

From the Consulate they surged toward the Information office, stopping to pillage the offices of the newspaper Tunis Soir.

Officials said two Moslem workers were badly beaten by the mob, after one rioter was shot and wounded.

—United Press.

Truman For Britain

Washington, Mar. 9.

Former President Truman and his wife are to visit Britain and Europe in May, the Democratic National Committee announced today.

—Reuter.

Stassen Supports...
Relaxation
Of Trade
Controls

Washington, Mar. 9.

Mr. Harold Stassen, former United States Foreign Aid Director, today defended relaxation of strategic controls on East-West trade as "the best advantage of the United States and the free world."

Mr. Stassen, now President Eisenhower's special assistant on disarmament, read a prepared statement which argued that a fifteen-nation agreement to relax strategic trade embargo in 1954 was "the best package arrangement obtainable in the face of growing insistence from European countries."

Deplorable Statement

Senator John McClellan (Democrat, Arkansas), the committee's chairman, commented immediately that Mr. Stassen's statement "confirms that some of our allies are more interested in trade and commerce than in preserving peace and security."

This moved Mr. Stassen to protest "I am very sorry to hear you make such a statement. The peace of the world depends upon the solidarity of our allies."

McCarthy's Query

Highlight of the exchanges between Mr. Stassen and Senator Joseph McCarthy (Republican, Wisconsin) was when the Senator demanded: "Do you think it was a net gain to the security of the United States to take 77 machine tools off the embargoed list?"

Mr. Stassen replied: "When the alternative was the breakup of the entire control system, yes."

He contended that it was a Communist objective to split up and divide the free world.

—Reuter.

STRANGLED BY
JACKET

Abil, France, Mar. 9.

The police said here today that Louis Capcu, 25, a truck driver, was strangled to death accidentally by his jacket last night.

—France-Press.

TODAY'S RACING
SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
RACE 1 Mourne Anapola V. 1. P. Outsider:—Zerimar.	RACE 1 Anapola Mourne Tune-Phone Outsider:—Zerimar.
RACE 2 Invincible Gay Sire Orange Beauty Outsider:—Souvenir.	RACE 2 Ma Cherie Gay Sire Invincible Outsider:—Hawalian Moon.
RACE 3 First Lady Quizette Rowanglen Outsider:—Turf Heroine.	RACE 3 First Lady Quizette Turf Heroine Outsider:—Eros.
RACE 4 Night People Silver Wing Jingle Bell Outsider:—Bonita.	RACE 4 Night People Silver Wing Jingle Bell Outsider:—Golden Branch.
RACE 5 Gallant Knight Matador Ironside Outsider:—Cover Girl.	RACE 5 Gallant Knight New Love Comet Outsider:—Our Pride.
RACE 6 Old Tyre Flaming Wheel Full Ahead Outsider:—Geronimo.	RACE 6 Old Tyre Corvette Anna Outsider:—Full Ahead.
RACE 7 Amusement Sultan Flying Dutchman Outsider:—Emperor Delight.	RACE 7 Amusement Flying Dutchman Emperor Delight Outsider:—Sultan.
RACE 8 Boyne Dilkoosh Green Velvet Outsider:—Ben Lawers.	RACE 8 Boyne Dilkoosh Dilkoosh Outsider:—Laddie.
RACE 9 Tumbleweed Scrabo Festival View Outsider:—Full-of-Spirit.	RACE 9 Tumbleweed Scrabo Dona Maria Outsider:—Calamity.
RACE 10 Beautiful Phoenix Fieldmaster Diamond Dahlia Outsider:—Flora.	RACE 10 Diamond Dahlia Treasureland Beautiful Phoenix Outsider:—Flora.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP
for the last race
**Let it be hoped, like his wife,
he will be beyond reproach**
The teaser tip for the last meeting was Neracman, but the pony was withdrawn from the race.

OFF-COURSE CASH BETTING
IN ENGLAND LIKELY

London, Mar. 9.
Off-course cash betting on horse races will soon be introduced in Britain, the Government told the House of Commons today.
Mr. W. F. Deedes, Parliamentary Secretary to the Home Office, in making the announcement, said that the innovation would be made as soon as the country's betting laws could be changed.
At the present time, it is an offence to place a cash bet on a race — only credit betting being allowed.
The changes will follow the proposals of a royal commission which studied the gambling laws five years ago. Cash bets will be allowed by post and betting offices will be set up.
The Government's decision to allow betting shops, is bound to cause controversy. Many people, especially those connected with the church, oppose any government action which can be construed as giving official sanction to gambling in any form.

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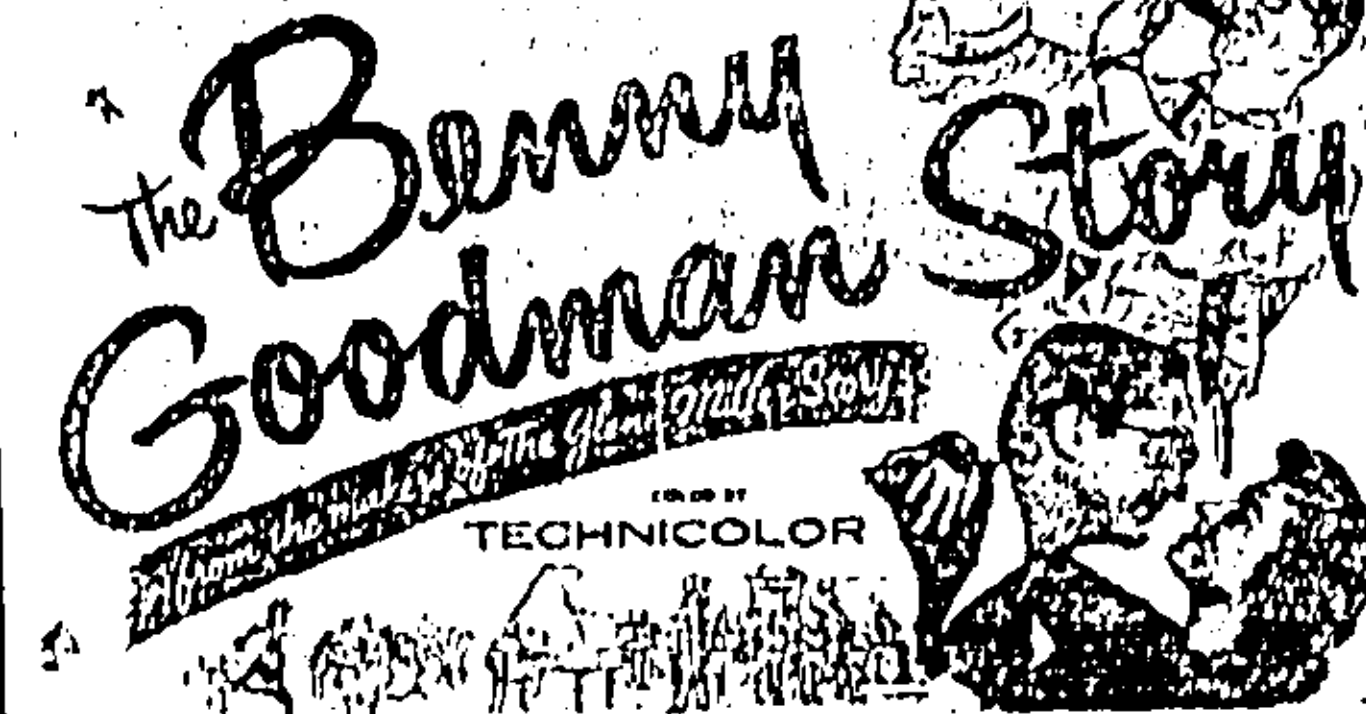
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A WONDERFUL GIRL and the
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THE BENNY GOODMAN STORY
STARRING STEVE ALLEN · DONNA REED
and the incomparable music recorded by BENNY GOODMAN!
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KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

A Variety Programme of
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presented by Universal-International

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEE

To-morrow at 12.10 p.m.

An Indian Production of Superb Quality by M. P. Pictures

"TARAKA-KHORI"

Starring Shyama, Mahipal, Vijaylakshmi &
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Directed by Majnu — Music by Khayyam

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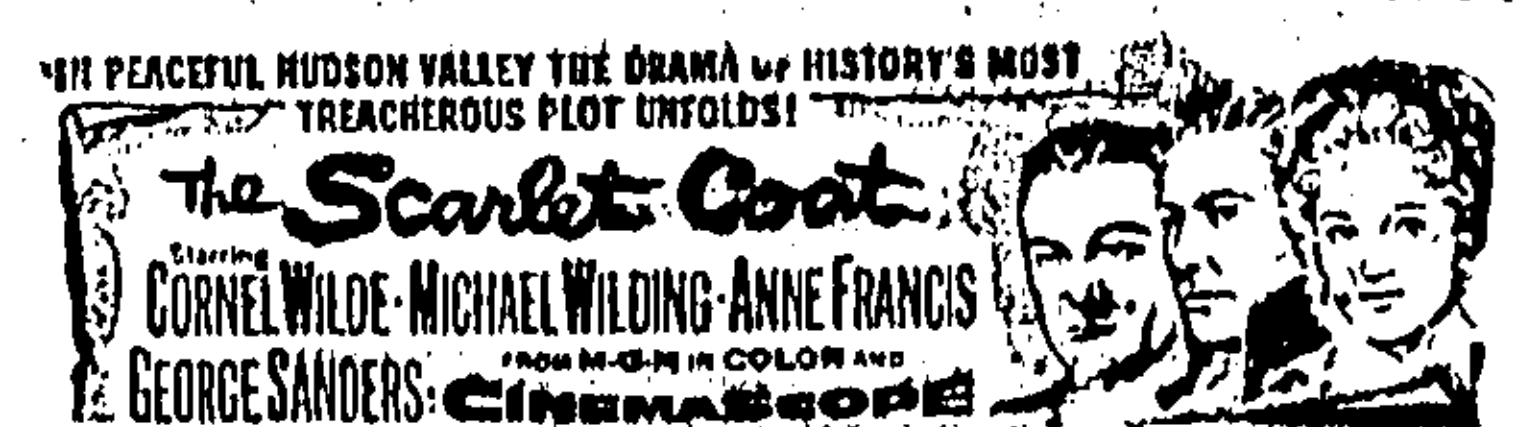
MATINEE PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW AT 1.30 P.M.

Admissions: \$7.50, \$5, \$3, \$2 & \$1.50

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

IN PERSPECTA, DIRECTIONAL STEREOPHONIC SOUND!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
John Payne in "CROSSWINDS" Paramount Technicolor film

FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Son of Caroline Cherie". The son of the famous lady gets involved in Spain under the rule of Napoleon's brother Joseph. A French picture starring Jean-Claude Pascal and Brigitte Bardot.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Benny Goodman Story". There are many big jazz names in this story featuring the highlights in the career of the clarinet player and band leader, Steve Allen and Donna Reed, with Gene Krupa, Fletcher Henderson and other musicians playing themselves.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Simon and Laura". A sophisticated British comedy that pokes fun at television. Peter Finch, Kay Kendall, Maurice Denham and Muriel Paylow.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Picnic". A hunky young man comes to a small town and has all the females drooling over him. William Holden, Kim Novak and Betty Field. **ROYAL and BROADWAY:** "Montmartre Nights". Crime and detection set against a background of Parisian night life. Jean-Marc Thibault, Louis Seigner and Genevieve Kervine.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Trial". A courtroom drama in which an innocent boy is exploited for political purposes. Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire, Arthur Kennedy and John Hodiak.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Female On the Beach". Joan Crawford is almost constantly before the camera again as she struggles against the rugged charms of Jeff Chandler. With Cecil Kellaway and Jan Sterling.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Yellow Tomahawk". A western. Rory Calhoun and Peggie Castle.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Blue Continent". A fascinating documentary filmed almost entirely below the waters of the Red Sea.

ROYAL and BROADWAY: "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts". Who goes back into the Army and husband has a hard time trying to be near her. Sherree North and Tom Ewell.

familiar symbols used, loses its sincerity in the meantime. "Picnic" tries to show that the obvious mode of conduct—the "right thing" is not always the one productive of the most happiness for the majority of people involved.

On the face of it, the pretty but dumb daughter of a respectable but disillusioned mother should consider herself extremely lucky to have won the attention of the rich and presentable son of one of the town's leading citizens.

However, although she drifts aimlessly about, apparently contributing nothing to the work of the household, (naked single-handed by her mother) we feel a certain amount of sympathy for her semi-martinet, a little against merely being a pretty thing, expected to marry a boy she doesn't love. With the amount of brain she exhibits, however, it still isn't clear to me how she could know, after two days, that the penniless, beautiful hobo, played by William Holden, is more her meat.

A Part Too Small

Holden's role is faintly like Marion Brando's in "A Streetcar Named Desire", though he is made to appear far less confident, less brutal and less capable. I'm afraid though, that for the first time, William Holden has found a part that is too big for him. Or perhaps — too small would be better. He is called upon to be a brainless, bragging college football hero, who while trying to better himself, is at heart, a drifter. He has been in and out of trouble all his life. It transpires, but this doesn't prevent most of the females of the town into which he has ridden as a hobo, from being very much aware of him.

A spinster schoolmistress, played by Rosalind Russell, makes her interest in him very obvious at the Labour Day Fair and with everyone's subconscious frustration coming to the surface after a day of getting themselves up, there is a real class piece of small town resentment that made me giggle and cold with embarrassment.

This is an emotional picture, but the emotion is handled with restraint and with each of the characters falling to a greater and lesser degree short of perfection, it is impossible not to feel sympathy for each of them.

Don't Miss This

Should "The Blue Continent" appear at the Queen's and Alhambra before this column comes out next week, do let me urge you not to miss it. It's an underwater "Living Desert", beautifully photographed and in spite of its documentary style, absorbingly interesting.

WATCH FOR IT!!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
Picture of the Year



GUYS AND DOLLS
in Color and CINEMASCOPE
and Samuel Goldwyn
will appear in person

Time Fuse

There is no doubt about the explosive quality of "Picnic", even though the fuse takes a long time to become really alight. When it does, however, the tenseness of waiting for the big bang that is inevitable becomes almost unbearable.

It is a really sincere effort to deal unselfishly with a sentimental subject. Instead of presenting the details in the conventional manner, that, while being more intelligible to a wide audience because of the

TV 'Schizos'

"Simon and Laura" is a straight dig at the pomposity and bureaucracy of the directors of the entertainment world in general and of the television corner of it in particular.

Simon and Laura are a couple of globe-trotters who are what is known politely as "resting" between engagements. In reality they are a pair of elegant out of work actors whose home life is one long battle. They have reached their final break-up when an enthusiastic producer played with the bubbling, breathless pseudo schoolboy's fervour of a posur, who sometimes pulls off a good thing, by Ian Carmichael dreams up a new series for a serial on TV.

Anything less like the pair of honey lovebirds they are asked to show the world over the TV screen is impossible to imagine, and the contrast between their private screaming and ranting at each other, and the picture of woe and bliss they present weekly to the world is very funny indeed.

Many faces well known for character parts on the British

Now Goodman

"The Benny Goodman Story" has in it all types of what is generally known as "jazz", from the commercial type more suited to a dignified parade round the floor with a visiting guest of one's husband, to the more exuberant rhythms favoured by the teenagers, via some really good jazz of the kind once known as "swing".

I found very little Dixieland music played in the film, but as Benny Goodman, in spite of the perfection of his clarinet playing has never been a follower of this extreme school, it's to be expected. A modified Chicago style is used in many of the sequences though and noticed at the preview that many of the Colony's leading dance music

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NEW YORK: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: Fox Colour Cartoons.

THE LINDEN PLAYERS

NEXT

MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY

PRESENT

DESERT HIGHWAY

by

J. B. PRIESTLEY

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

8.30 p.m.

BOOKINGS AT MOUTRIES.

Shum's Circus

Victoria Park, Causeway Bay

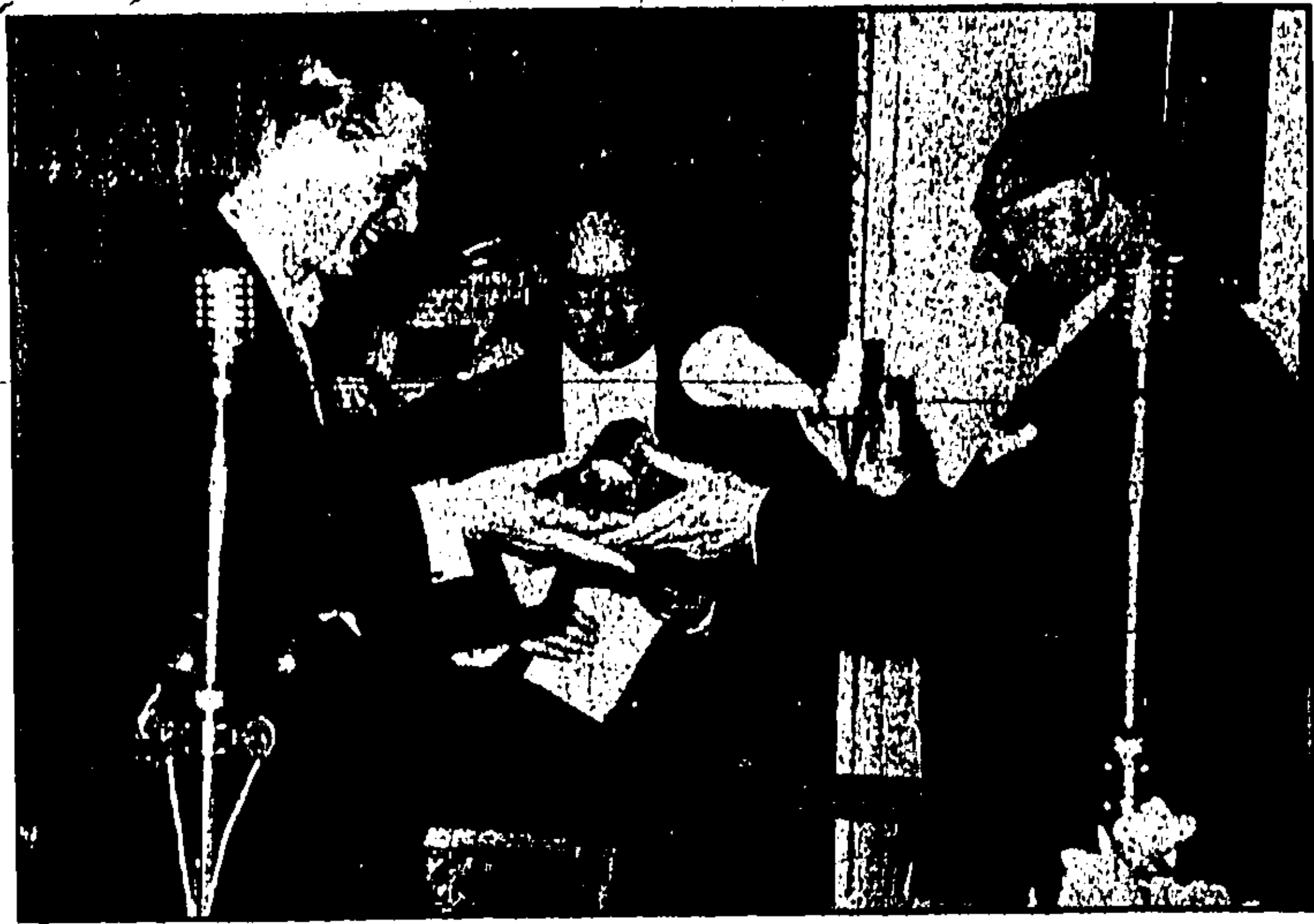
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Adults 20 cts.



THE Duke of Edinburgh attended the recent annual dinner of the Institute of Electrical Engineers at Grosvenor House, London. He was given a membership certificate, which he is seen accepting in the picture. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



THE shape of things to come. British screen actress Belinda Lee is all set to be the belle of the beach this summer in her turquoise satin swimsuit. The white towelling beach jacket is trimmed with satin to match the suit. (Express)



WHEN the new Bishop of London, Dr. Montgomery Campbell, was enthroned at St Paul's Cathedral, the Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Venerable A. Sargent, officiated. The Dean stands with the Bishop before the Holy table during the ceremony. (Express)



RIGHT: British actress Shani Wallis, 22, was to have gone into hospital this month to have her nose remodelled, but now the operation is off. Charlie Chaplin, who has offered her a part in his new film, "The King in New York," vetoed it. "Leave it alone; it suits you," he told her. She thought it turned up too much. (Express)



LEFT: The Vickers Viscount is the first British-made airliner to be used on American routes, and several are now in service with Capital Airlines and Trans-Canada Airlines. They are being built at the rate of 10 per month. Henry Lambert, aged 53, explains the operation of a locking rod on the flap system to 18-year-old Michael Walker, youngest apprentice in the factory. (Express)



DURING St David's Day celebrations at the regimental depot of the Royal Welch Fusiliers at Wrexham. After eating the leek raw, 17-year-old Fusilier Royston Morgan, youngest soldier in the depot, is given a draught from a loving cup. (Banews)



AFTER members of the Royal Family went to see the London production of the French revue, "La Plume de ma Tante," there was a return visit to Buckingham Palace by a member of the cast—Cald, the grey stallion which laughs in the show. He just walked out of the theatre, and was found later at the Palace gate. Here he is with his trainer. (Express)



AT the farewell party held in London for Hollywood actress Arlene Dahl and her husband, Fernando Lamas, before their return to America. Picture shows Arlene studying the 1920-style flower-pot hat of actress Joy Webster. (Express)



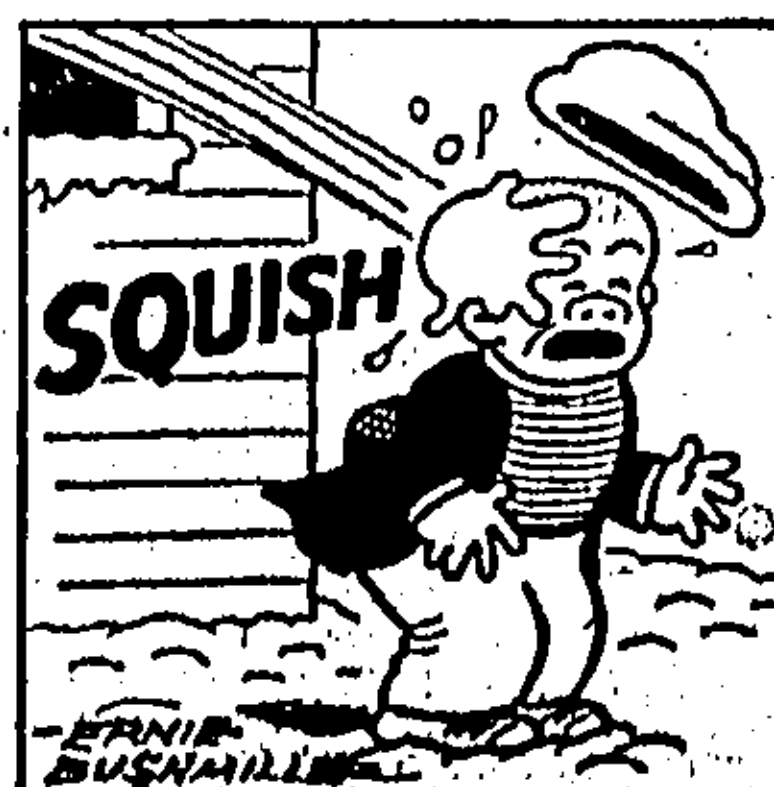
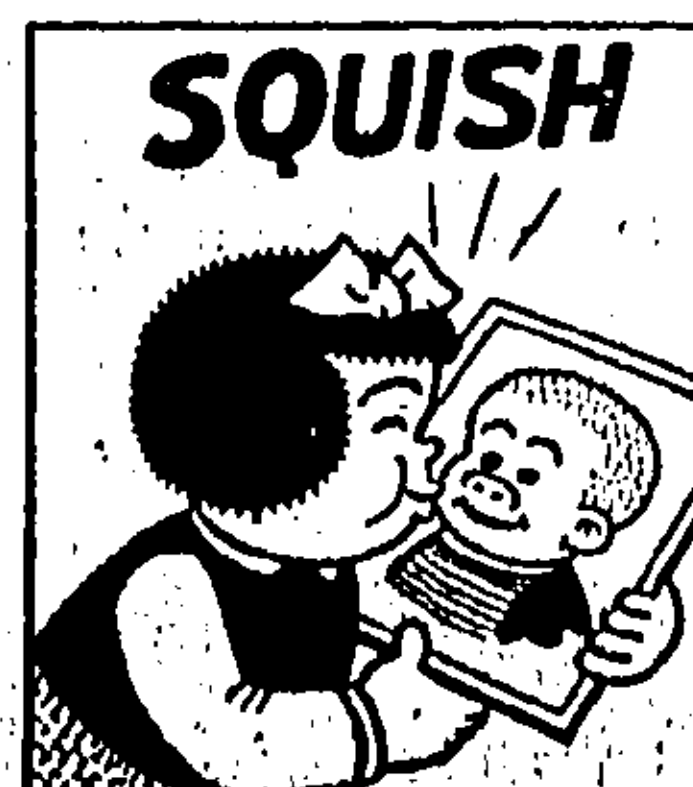
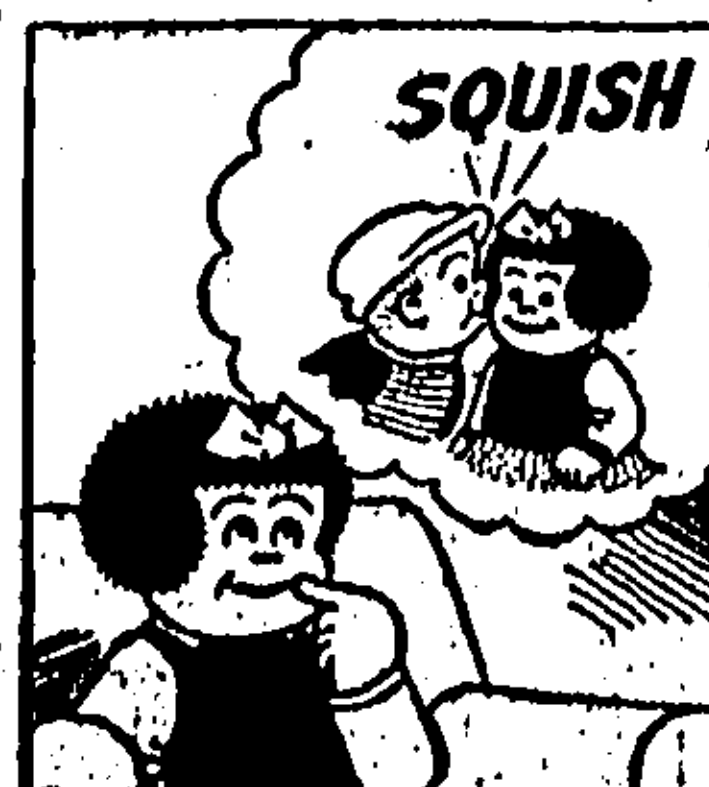
THE Duchess of Kent, the first Colonel-in-Chief of the Dorset Regiment, inspecting the guard of honour at Carter Barracks, Bulford, during her visit to the 1st Battalion of the Regiment. (Banews)

RIGHT: Poet John Pudney with the battered piano and settee which someone had dumped in his garden when he and his wife were away. It was quite a problem—Mr Pudney called it "a burglary in reverse." (Express)

CRICKETER Len Hutton, who recently announced his retirement from the game, was guest of honour at a dinner given in London by the National Sporting Club. From right: Len Hutton, former cricketer Herbert Sutcliffe, legless air ace Douglas Bader, and actor Jack Buchanan. (Express)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



BRINGING YOU ANOTHER OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

LANDRU — THE MAN WHO MADE MURDER HIS BUSINESS

HENRI DESIRE LANDRU was perhaps the most callous murderer in history. He killed women as a business. He had ledgers in which he set down every detail; the smallest item of his expenditure — a bunch of violets, Metro tickets, postage — all went down on the debit side to the last sou, though at times the final entry of "net profit" was often surprisingly small.

Indeed six years (1913-19) of this macabre occupation yielded rather less than £700. During this time Landru, a middle-aged man with a bald, domed head, a parchment face, staring eyes and a spade beard, contrived to meet, fascinate and dupe no fewer than 283 women.

Of these he killed ten — plus one unfortunate youth who came to know too much. No body was ever found.

He was methodical. He compiled a series of love letters copied from novelettes, numbered and docketed to be selected according to the character of the victim who was to receive them. He regularly advertised in the matrimonial column of newspapers.

Respectable Life

It was such an advertisement that led him to his first kill. His victim was a widow, Mme. Cuchet, with one son. She was good-looking, lively, aged 39 and had money. She agreed to furnish a house he took for them at Vernouillet. She would have been very happy with "Raymond Diard," as he now called himself, but for his frequent absences on business as a "traveller."

He was, in fact, living an outwardly respectable life with his wife and four children at Neuilly, only four miles away.

On promise of marriage he secured various sums of money from Mme. Cuchet. But one evening "Raymond" returned from one of his lengthy absences to find



He duped 283 women, killed ten of them. Net profit, less than £700.

Mme. Cuchet in a furious rage. Her son Andre had seen him the previous day in the Rue de Rivoli with another woman — a "flashy type." She would leave Vernouillet at once and asked for the return of her money.

Landru's ingenious explanations calmed her; they had a meal together, and after dinner he brought out a bottle of Madeira to drink to their "reconciliation." Both she and her son died almost immediately.

Later that night a passer-by saw dense clouds of smoke pouring from the kitchen chimney. Landru was destroying the bodies with an oxy-acetylene burner.

Good Price

WITHIN two days he was entertaining in the same house Mme. Labouche-Linc, a widow from Brazil. She had means but was not disposed to hand him any money; however, he persuaded her to entrust him with her furniture to sell, for which he got a good price. Then he invited her to spend the week-end with him at

Vernouillet. From that day she disappeared. Landru poisoned her and threw her body into the River Oise. The ledger showed a record of £56 net profit under this heading.

Next came Mme. Buisson, plump, jolly and insistent on marriage. She introduced him to her relatives, proposed a motor tour through the South of France, she paying expenses. They would meet her son at Bayonne.

Large Sums

LANDRU was not prepared to meet any more of her relatives. He knew the danger of it.

But pretending to agree, Landru tucked her up with rugs in the back of the car, gave her hot coffee and set out. They never reached Bayonne. Within an hour the poisoned coffee took effect. He buried her in a wood near Biarritz.

His next "case," however, was not so unaccommodating. He was thrilled and flattered when he caught the attention of Mme. Laport, whom he met by chance. She was a widow, young, pretty and wealthy. He realised that she was not the credulous type of his former conquests, and adopted different tactics.

He spent large sums on her, entering in his ledger many items relating to her entertain-

ment. . . dinners theatres, gifts. The florist's bill alone was considerable. Eventually, she consented to marry him at Dijon; but she refused to let him have any hand in her finances.

"I am going to inform the police at once," she declared.

Landru pretended to fly into a passion, dashed out of the room, slamming the door, and without stopping to collect any of his belongings, rushed out of the house. Mme. Laport put the police on him, and for a long time he had to go into hiding.

Now began a new phase in Landru's activities. Driving through the forest of Rambouillet, he came across an isolated villa near Gambais. It had high hedges and walls and seemed admirable for use in his "business." He rented it, and here he brought a succession of his victims. Many of them were poisoned on the night of their arrival as they sat at a meal in the living-room (ironically enough beneath a print of "The Last Supper" that hung on the wall).

Curiosity

LANDRU did not invite all his visitors to his woodland retreat with the intention of murder. He took under his protection one young girl whom he had found destitute in the street. She later agreed to stay for a time at the villa until their "marriage" could be arranged. He seemed to find her attractive, and as she had no possessions he would have no object in killing her.

Curiosity sealed her doom. Left alone in the villa she

noticed that one door was always locked. Peering through the keyhole she saw a large quantity of women's clothes, shoes and handbags. She mentioned this to Landru. From that day the girl was never seen again.

Landru disposed of many of the bodies in a large incinerator he kept in the kitchen. But a police officer called to see him regarding a chimney which appeared to be on fire, so he sought other methods of disposal.

The next "experiment" involved Mme. Guillot. She was plain, elderly, illiterate, but she had £600. It was not difficult to dazzle and deceive her, or to induce her to sign a power of attorney giving him the right to dispose of her property.

She died on the night of her arrival at Gambais. Next morning Landru packed her body in

position than he did of Fernande's. . . He wrote to her:

"Fernande, my adored: I am distracted and distressed to think that you have been dragged into this disgraceful business. . .

"Do not worry, my darling. I shall return soon to your arms. Your devoted Lucien."

There followed one of the most spectacular trials in French history. It lasted two years and the detectives gathered enough material to fill a dossier of 4,000 pages. Hysterical women mobbed the court. They sent Landru gifts, love-letters and offers of marriage. Infantry with fixed bayonets were stationed to control the women who tried to swarm into the court.

The gruesome details of the trial so affected one reporter that he left the press table, re-

turned to his hotel and shot himself.

Throughout the trial Landru protested his innocence. He went on hunger strike. But in the end he showed a certain dignity. His last letter was addressed to Fernande from La Sante Prison the night before his execution. He wrote:

"Fernande: The last words I shall write will be to you. These long drawn out months of my trial have been a torture. Through it all you have not written me. Not a single line.

"But, Fernande, I shall die still loving you. . . This is indeed, Adieu. The end is near. I shall not allow them to cut my beard, because I remember how much you admired that beard, chere amie. My last thoughts will be of you.

For ever, Your Lucien. . .

He protested on the day of his execution in 1922, about his sleep being disturbed by the noise that was made by the creaking of the guillotine a few feet away from the prison, and that he had been awakened in the early morning by the uproar of the crowds who had "come from all over the country to make holiday."

He added: "What could be more inconsiderate than to rob a man of sleep on his last night on earth?"

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Hunger Strike

WHAT happened next is hard to believe of such a cold-blooded monster. Landru fell violently in love. He was infatuated with a blonde midwife called Fernande Segret.

She agreed to leave her job to live with him in his flat in the Rue Rochecouart. Wishing to buy her an Easter gift he took her into a shop in the Rue de Rivoli. Here, face to face, he met Mme. Lacoste, sister of Mme. Buisson, his third victim. He turned away, hoping she had not recognised him. But Mme. Lacoste went to the police, who got the address from the shop of "M. Lucien Guillot."

Next morning, while Fernande and Landru were sitting at breakfast, four men entered and arrested him.

Taken to La Sante Prison, he seemed to think less of his own

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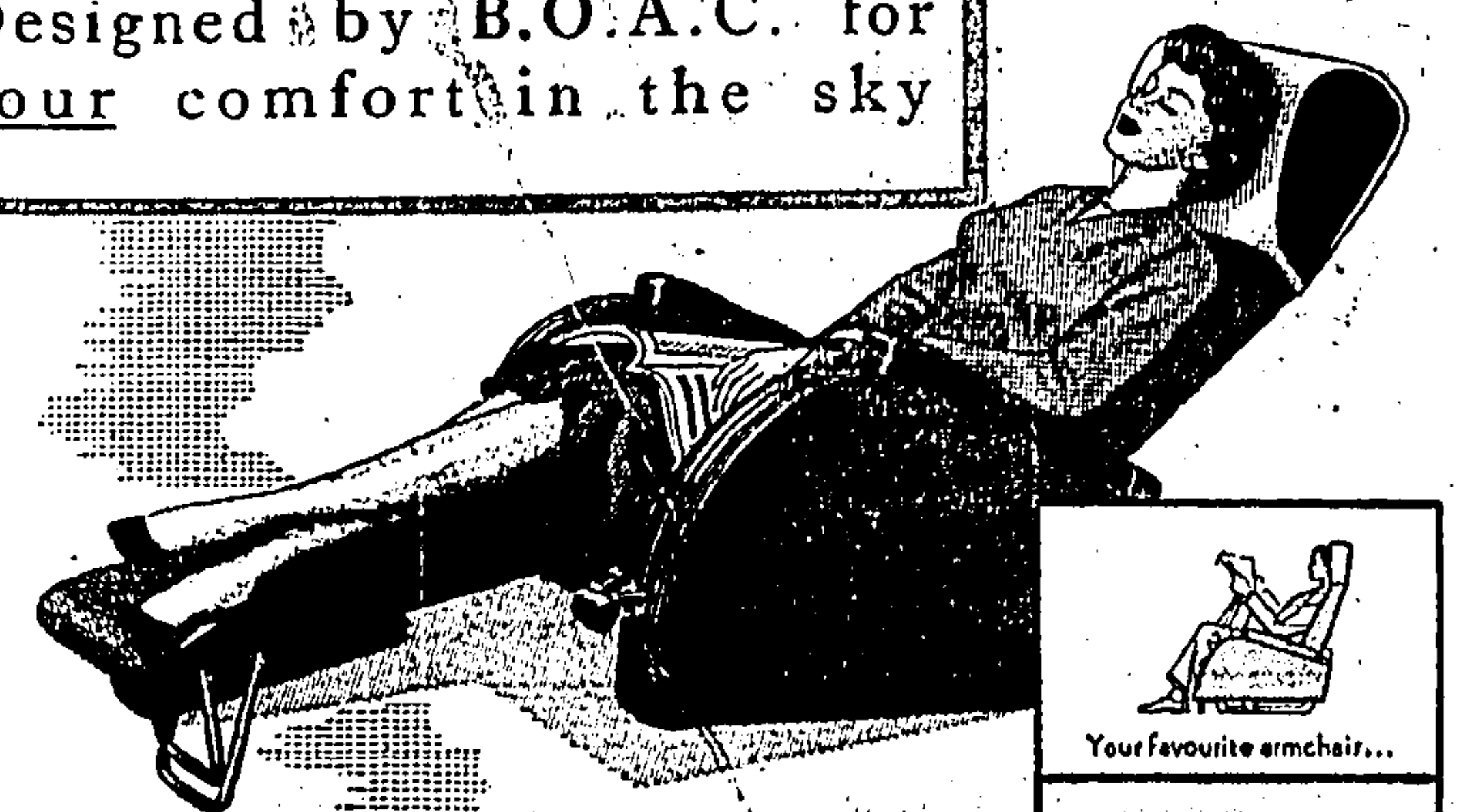
ANOTHER LETTER FROM GILES IN LAS PALMAS

dear seals,

just a few more lines from me to let you no mrgiles is hopping mad. evry morning mr giles is more hopping mad than the day before. he is ever so happy that evryone at home is nice and cold but what makes him wild is because he is nice and cold as well and he says when he was a littel boy at school they tell him africa was nice and warm but our littel land near africa where lord beaverbrooks sends us is about as hot as a fridge. another thing mr giles dont like is the man next door whose got a camel that keeps scratching itself all night on the wall which is the same wall as mrgiles bedroom. he also dont like sand in his wisky and he dont like us putting littel catcusses in his bed for fun and he dont like grandma singing all day with the man whose got the camel and plays a littel whistle nor do mrgiles says when it isnt blowing hurry cains its blowing littel locusts in and out his window. aanty vera got sand in her nose and caught a fresh cold and mrgiles lands the twins one with a palm tree leaf evry time they call him 'bwana' because he is a white man on account of there not being very much sun. this afternoon mr giles had a go in his jaguar with a italyan man in a ferrari car round the mountains and as mrgiles went the fastest the policeman could not catch him but in his mirror he sees them catch the ferrari man and give him a dressing down and this is the first time mrgiles larughs since hes been hear. mrs giles says if mrgiles is going to play monty carlo races all over the island shes going to stay indoors so am i. evrybody here speaks spanish and mr giles is about as hot at spanish as he is at french and when he ordered tea today in spanish the lady clapped his face so he slapped outs. they had a lovely bernardo in the land next to us so perhaps we shall get one tomorrow hoping this finds you as it leaves me but i doubt it if you knew what the air mail is like from hear yours truly my feet prints

pe s. we are all getting as brown as snowballs

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ALL IN A DOCTOR'S DAY Feeling Low? It May Be Your Mind

By CEDRIC CARNE

THE letter came back from the hospital: Miss Sharples has been fully investigated, but we can find no evidence of organic disease. However, she does seem to be rather anxious.

I have received that sort of letter like so many other physicians, countless times. Stress, anxiety, worry.

In general practice these three emotional states are more important than all the floating germs of 10 cities.

For they lead not only to vague symptoms — occasional headaches, back aches, indigestion, etc. — but to actual disease.

In over 80 percent of those who suffer from a duodenal ulcer, their early symptoms can be traced back to some event affecting the patient's work, his finances, or the health of his family. It is known that grief often precedes that illness called ulcerative colitis.

The mind controls the body. This is not surprising, for as everybody knows our skin can go red with anger, we blush when we are embarrassed, and we blanch with fear.

Indeed many patients who suffer from skin diseases are found to be abnormally prone to anxiety and over-conscientiousness.

EXPERIMENTS

To what extent can emotional dissatisfaction cause physical disease? Interesting experiments are being conducted all the time to demonstrate this. Recently mice were given slight electric shocks every time they were fed. The result was that they became emotionally disturbed, and it was found that they were more liable to illness than those mice who were fed normally.

Sometimes actual physical conditions can be cured by suggestion. Warls have been cured by hypnosis; skin rashes made to vanish by the doctor helping the patient to adjust his emotional tensions.

I was in this frame of mind when I rang the bell for Miss

Sharples to come in from the waiting room. I looked down at the hospital letter on my desk and said: "I have good news, Miss Sharples. As I expected, all the laboratory tests are negative. You do not have heart disease."

Then these palpitations I get are not due to the heart? "No. You have just made your heart the focal point for your anxiety. It's like the horse and the jockey," I continued. "If the horse is whipped it will run. So also with you and your heart. It is not the heart that is at fault. It's your anxieties that make the heart run fast."

For just as the colour of the skin changes according to emotion, just as duodenal ulcer or ulcerative colitis has a history of stress, so the majority who complain of "heart symptoms" do so because of some emotional tension.

BROKEN HEART

We began to talk about her different fears. I recalled various other patients who had become "heart conscious" because of some protracted emotional disturbance or following the death of a friend or relative from heart disease.

Indeed, long ago, doctors thought "broken heart" an actual physical condition. And it is no accident that colloquial expressions have meaningfully linked emotional states with the heart. Thus the terms "heavy-hearted," "chicken-hearted," "the heart growing weary," etc.

"Come to think of it," Miss Sharples admitted, "I suppose my symptoms did begin after my father died. I nursed him, did you see?"

I saw. We had a long talk and then she left more cheerful than I'd ever remembered her.

Later I went into the living-room. "If everybody was reasonably happy," I said to my wife, "but the heart doctors in the world would be unemployed. Now how about something to eat, dear?"

"You haven't got a heart," she grumbled, "only a stomach."

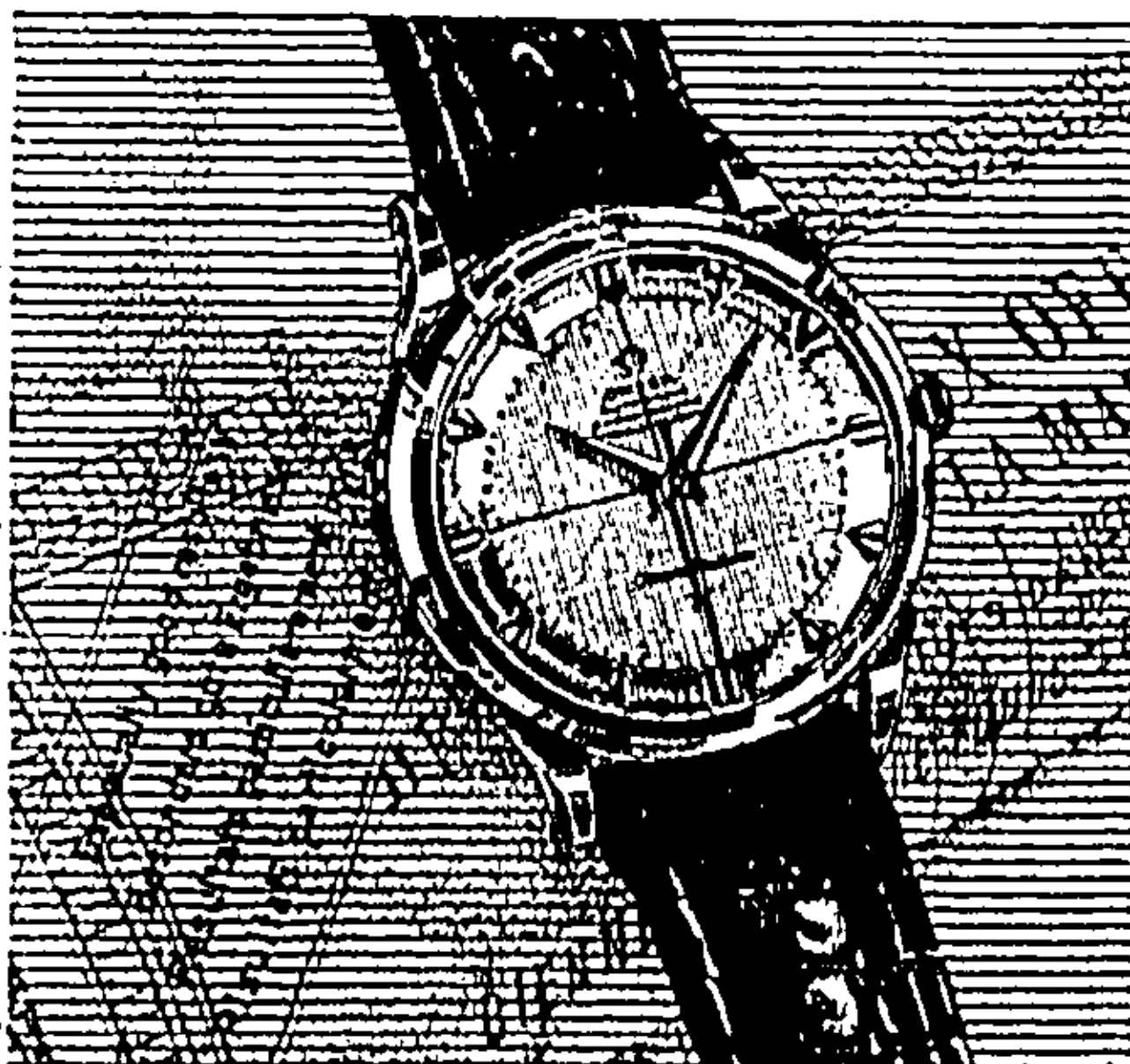
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The Amazing George Shearing BLIND PIANIST TURNS DOWN THE GIFT OF SIGHT

By RUSSELL HOWE

ONE of the world's most famous blind men has just chosen to remain blind although a leading American eye specialist has all but guaranteed he could give him his sight back.

Battersea-born George Shearing, who in seven years has reached the top of the American downtown world with his own style of progressive jazz and whose Quintet has been called the most popular instrumental group in the USA, believes, however, that his blindness helps his music—and helps him to know people better than anyone with normal sight.

"It helps me to know them without the deceiving factor of outward appearances," Leaning back in an armchair in his comfortable New Jersey home, Shearing added: "It helps me see people from the inside."

Shearing was born on August 13, 1919, the youngest of a London coalman's nine children. A few days later—not as often reported "at birth"—he was blind.

"It was medical neglect," Shearing's mother told him when he questioned her in later years. She never really knew what happened. A medical guess, however, is that when the baby's eyes were washed, nitric acid was used by mistake instead of the usual weak acid solution.

Being blind kept Shearing out of the usual world of

suburban youth. For him its grim reality was something that he only heard of at second-hand. While his brothers and sisters moved on from a brief unsatisfactory schooling to dead-end jobs, early marriages and the greybrick house around the corner, George dreamed of doing something different.

At the Shillington Blind School in Battersea, and later at Linden Lodge School, Wandsworth Common, Shearing forgot about his father's entreaties to be practical and learn wicker-work or some other "dull occupation reserved for the blind. He began to study hard at music.

At Linden Lodge the music teacher was more broadminded than most. "You'd make a good jazz pianist," he said one day. And the idea stuck.

FIRST JOB

ARMED with a fair knowledge of piano and accordion, Shearing found his first job at 16—playing in the Mason's Arms in Lambeth for 25s. a week and whatever people put in the box. When, however, this led to his being offered a late night stand in a band playing for banquets and at dinner parties, Shearing lost his job.

This is how he tells the story: "For the late night jobs I had to wear bow tie and tails, and as there wasn't time to change at the pub after 'Time, gentlemen,' and in any case no one was there to help me, I used to go to the pub ready-dressed on my band nights."

The landlord said that tails were much too elegant for his establishment which was just off Lambeth Walk. I'd have to choose which job I kept. I told him there wasn't any choice—he could keep his job himself."

Shearing then began to study Braille music more carefully, and today he is glad, for although there is very little jazz in Braille and he has to rely on his four-fingered musicians for reading the new numbers, knowing Braille enables him to spend most of his leisure hours with his favourite composer, Bach, or his wife's, Debussy.

From the age of 16, Shearing's career moved fast.

"I joined the band of a Wimbledon player called Bill Lark and we did one-night dance stands until we got a Jack Hylton booking. People began to hear me play and I got in on some jam sessions. Leonard Feather, Britain's leading jazz critic, launched me in the British press, and this led to a BBC contract."

BOMB HIT

"WHEN the war began I was playing on 'Bandwagon,' the Arthur Askey-Richard Murdoch show."

"Then I toured Britain with an all-blind jazz band led by Claude Bampton, and Decca Records signed me up. Then I moved to the St Regis Hotel, the dance band of the St Regis Hotel in London. I wanted to stay there for ever—luxury suite, silk sheets. I was in clover! Then a bomb hit the place in 1940. The hotel went up in smoke and the job with it."

Now the war in France was over and Stephane Grappelli was reconstituting his Hot Club de France in London. George joined him for a while and later joined Ted Heath and Frank Wells, in both cases as pianist and orchestral arranger.

Later still he had his own show on the BBC before joining Ambrose and his band of the time. Ambrose discovered Ann Shelton, with the result that his band became Britain's most popular band. George did an 18-month tour with them in 1941-2. And by that time he was married.

The marriage started in an air raid shelter under the YWCA building in London's Great Russell Street during the Christmas of 1940. Today Mrs. Trilix Shearing remembers it all well enough. "My mother and I were living in Bloomsbury, and we used to go to the shelter every night for the regular six-to-dawn raid. George would come down and play most nights, leaving again at 9.30 to play at Hatched's Restaurant. Then he would drive back through the bomb hail at 1 a.m. to play us to sleep."

"One night he came around with the man who was supposed to be his agent, and I knew this would be the moment. It was, and we

Blinded by accident as a baby, the 34-year-old ninth son of a London coal-merchant is now a successful pianist — to the tinkling tune of £35,000 a year...

were married in 1941 in a typical wartime wedding. We drove round to Bloomsbury Register Office and found it wasn't there. A land mine had hit it the day before. We spent a whole day trying to find where the Registrar lived—she had been bombed out of two addresses—and then we found it was the Miss Haldane who roomed in the house next to ours! So we just went round after tea and were married in the front parlour."

Later in the war Shearing met the late lamented Fats Waller, one of the greatest jazz pianists of all time, at a London jam session.

Fats heard the blind man play and liked what he heard. "Mum, you should go to America."

Later Glenn Miller and Sam Donahue, in Europe with their bands to play to GI camps, confirmed this impression.

Remembering the conversation today George believes that if he hadn't had two egeed parents he might have gone. "As it was I decided to wait until after the war."

It was not until 1946 that Shearing set off for New York, only to be met with disappointment. The agents hadn't heard of him and the night club owners were sceptical of an English jazzman. In addition they all thought his blindness was a terrible handicap for a public performer—it made him look more like an "act" than a serious player.

After three months George gave up and returned home. A year later, however, found him across the Atlantic again. This time he was determined that he was in America for good, and in the birthplace of jazz to make a new life. Even so, for all his determination, Shearing still found things tough.

"For over a year things were very bad. We had to count the pennies and not buy any of the wonderful things the shops were full of and which we hadn't

even heard about since 1939 in England. Trilix had to tramp round the agents, and I was spending £5 a week in taxi fares alone."

For the man who had starred for 18 months with Ambrose, and who had won the Melodisc Popularity Poll seven years running, it was depressing.

"I'm going home," Shearing told his wife one day. "Decca have written; they want me to make some more records."

"You're not quitting America till you've given it a chance," Trilix said at once. "You go and make the records, then come back again. I'll stay here and work the agents."

LUCKY BREAK

TODAY Shearing says: "I owe everything to Trilix. I'll be eternally grateful." By this Shearing means that when he returned to New York he found that Trilix had in fact fixed a job for him—as an intermission pianist at the Three Deuces night club on fashionable 52nd Street.

The job didn't last, however, and the Shearings were in debt again before the next one came along—at a new Broadway jazz centre called the Cliche, where several bands were engaged in keeping the bop fans jitterbugging.

Things might have stagnated again when a lucky break came for Shearing. A record company decided to do some spontaneous recordings at the Cliche, and George was on the stand with a clarinetist, a drummer and a bass player when they called. The clarinetist, Buddy de Franco, had to drop out because his own record contract excluded him from working for other companies.

With a couple of quick telephone calls, Shearing replaced him "on the hop" with vibraphone player and a guitarist. In this unexpected way, the Quintet was born.

The eight sides recorded that day proved popular, and soon Shearing found himself on the disc jockey's lists and with a contract to make several more records. His "September in the Rain" made the hit parade, as did "The Nearness of You." The most popular of all his recordings to date, however, is "I Only Have Eyes For You."

RECORD YEAR

TODAY Shearing can look back at an aye and a half years playing with his own Quintet at such famous New York spots as The Elmhurst, Cafe Society, Birdland and Basin Street. In Chicago he has starred at the Blue Note, and in San Francisco at the Black Hawk. In Hollywood he has drawn applause at the Tiffany, the Mocambo, the Crescendo—all top flight jazz-spots. Soon he is to carry his progressive jazz to the strictly blues empire of the Southern States.

Today, with the heartbreak years behind him at last, the Shearings can relax in the spotlight of real success. George has won numerous magazine popularity polls and given three concert tours, touching every important city in the States. Two of the tours were made with Count Basie and singing star Billy Eckstine.

Even the challenge of new "progressive" star Dave Brubeck has not dimmed Shearing's popularity and this will be his record year: he expects to gross approximately £80,000.

His arrangements sell as sheet music and he has written his own songs, the most popular being "Lullaby of Birdland."



NOW AMONG THE JAZZ "GREATS"

On TV he has appeared on the Ed Sullivan programme—one of the top six—as well as with Milton Berle, with Frankie Lane with Arthur Godfrey. And always now the critics are almost unanimous in their praise. They all talk of the "Shearing sound," with its strong influence of classical music. Frank Sinatra comments briefly: "I think George is just plain terrific."

At the Shearings' lovely country home, George recalls the difficult times and the better ones with equanimity. Speaking still (like his wife and daughter) with an English accent, with the warm tones of Cockney breaking through now and again, Shearing can joke about the errors he makes through blindness. When photographer Ed Silverman made a suggestion about a pose, Shearing chuckled: "Don't ask me—I can make some good shots of the wall."

SELF-TAUGHT

SHEARING'S piano is covered with the bulky Braille volumes of Bach's fugues, and across one wall is his new and enormous hi-fi record player with amplifier and double loud speaker. The speed positions are marked by tiny copperhead nails for Shearing's sensitive fingers to find, and Mrs. Shearing and his daughter Wendy Ann say only he can operate its complicated controls properly.

Although he has had no musical instruction since he was 10 and had to teach himself harmony and counterpoint, he played the first movement of Schubert's A Minor Symphony with the Rochester Clive Symphony Orchestra last year and now plays only classics in his leisure hours.

"After I'd played in Rochester the orchestra played the Rumanian Dances and then I gave the symphony audience a hot jazz recital. The sixty members of the Symphony were stomping time."

"This is the sort of thing that I should like to see happen all over the country. Symphony needs a shot in the arm from the dynamism and even from the 'commercial' flavour of jazz, and jazz could benefit from the prestige of symphony music. It has far too long been something you go to a murky cellar to hear some reprobate battling out."

LIVE SHOWS

FINGERING a phrase from a Bach toccata, Shearing says: "Braille music can never be as satisfactory as ordinary music is to a sighted musician. No slaves or clerks—just the same six-dot formula as for words—and you can't read direct to the keys because the music requires your fingers. You have to memorise each bar."

Returning from his night club stint at five each morning—his home is an hour's drive from Manhattan—Shearing sleeps till noon, then handles business and settles down to play. In ten days, he said, he had memorised 85 bars of Bach's No. 4 Fugue.

Apart from playing, Shearing finds relaxation in his garden, pool, on long walks, in rowing

or in frequenting the nearest bowling alleys. He reads a little serious literature in Braille, his favourite writer being Ogden Nash, but relies on the radio for the news.

Shearing visited England last year to see his father Philip Shearing, who is in a convalescent home at Walworth, London. His mother died five years ago.

As for his reactions to British jazz, he says he was impressed at the number of "live" jazz shows on the BBC. In America, most jazz broadcasts are recorded. George was worried, however, to see that musicians' union rulings in both countries preclude an exchange of orchestras.

"Art and science and medicine should be completely universal," he says. "The last two are, and all the arts except jazz music. Symphony orchestras can travel. Something should be done about it. I wanted to play in England I should have to go as a music hall act. I could take an accompanist but not my whole Quintet."

I told Shearing everyone wanted to know if it was really true that he had turned down an operation to give him sight. "It's true. Under no circumstances would I ever submit to an operation, whatever the chances of success. It isn't that I think a sighted person isn't capable of judgment as a blind man, but I do feel that the blind are more capable of judging the inside qualities of other human beings—and that's a precious gift I don't want to lose."

MANY OFFERS

"I DON'T know the colour of my wife's hair or eyes but know much more important things about her. 'I'd like to see the beauty of nature. I'd like to see paintings. But if I could see paintings, I wouldn't have such a complete understanding of the construction of a Bach fugue."

"Look how it simplifies my life in show business. If I take on a new musician I only want to know if he's a good instrumentalist and if he's a gentleman. I don't misjudge him by his face. I don't care where he comes from, what race he is."

"But you're 36—would you ever lose what blindness has taught you if you were given sight?" I asked him.

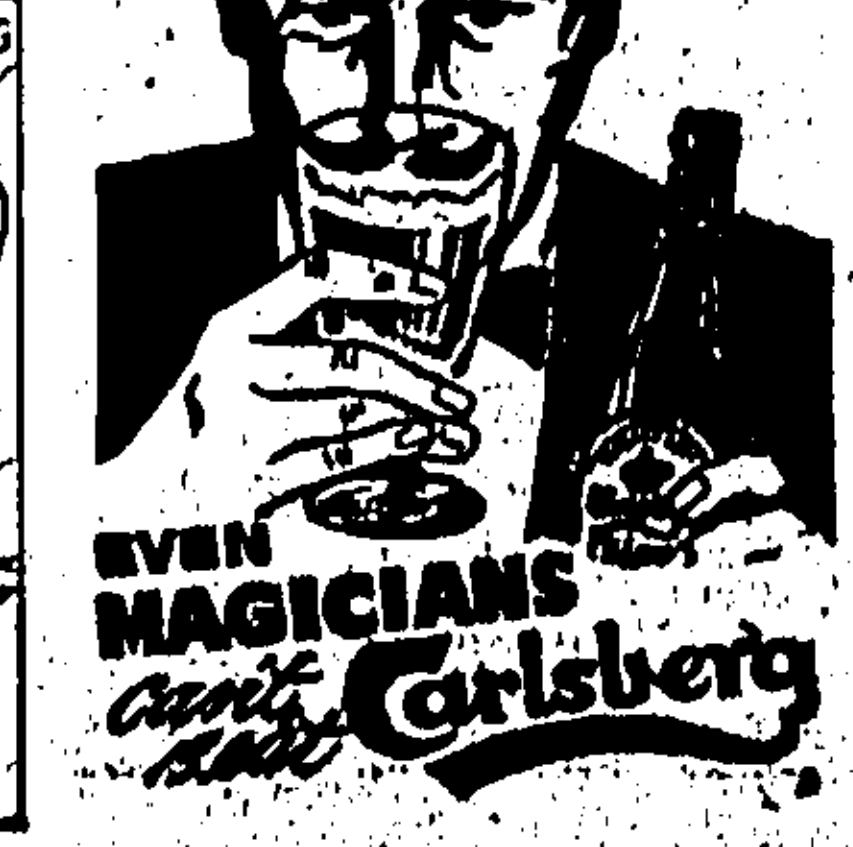
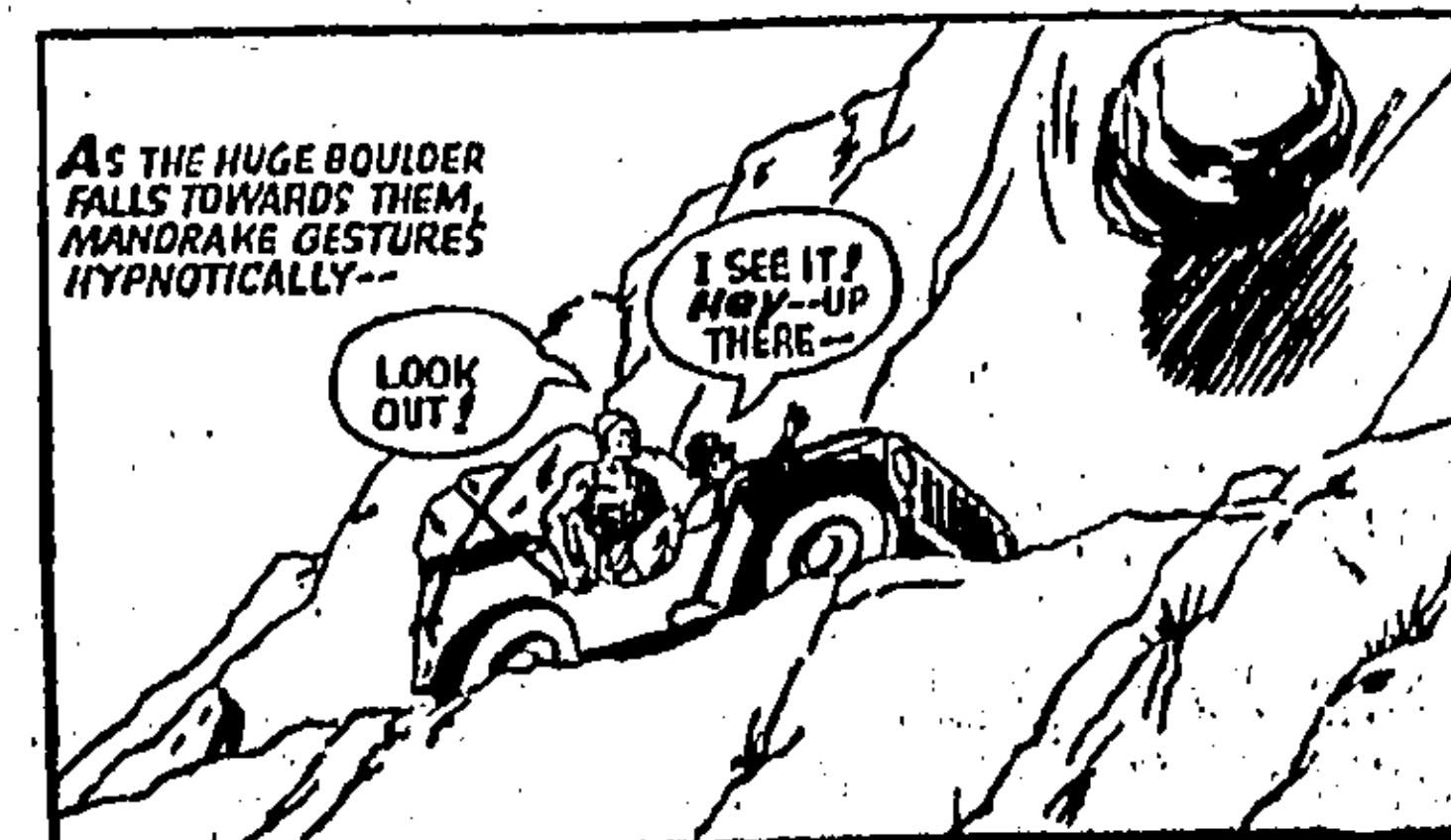
"I might, however much I chose to guard against it," Shearing said. "There is no telling what it might do to me mentally."

"I'd like to be able to play tennis and drive the car instead of being dependent on the help of others—but no, it wouldn't be worth it."

This isn't the first offer of sight that Shearing has had. A bobby-soxer offered him one of her eyes in a fan letter some years ago, and a "lifer" in Trenton State Penitentiary has made the same offer in all seriousness in several letters. To George, however, there is a world within a world in being blind. He has adventured in it and found it to his liking.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

EVEN MAGICIANS CAN'T CARLSBERG

The greatest day of their lives

JAROSLAV DROBNY should really be accorded two great days—the day he escaped to freedom, and the day he became Wimbledon champion.

A TELEPHONE rang in Prague, and a voice said: "Never mind my name. I'm a friend of yours working at the Ministry of Interior. I have seen your card and would advise you to leave Czechoslovakia as soon as you can."

As it happened, Jaroslav Drobny, born to the wife of a Moravian carpenter in Hradzin, near Prague, in 1921, had already decided that he had had enough of Communism.

Three weeks before that telephone tip-off in 1948 he had begun shifting his belongings under cover of night—first move in a flight that had to be made to look like an ordinary lawn tennis trip to Switzerland.

Fascination

As all the world knows, Drobny and his fellow-countryman, Vladimir Cernak, daily shook the tennis courts of Czechoslovakia off their tennis shoes with trophies celebrating five years later by winning the men's singles championship at true-blue Wimbledon. A great day indeed.

Having himself been permitted some mail and heavily bunkered through the post-office glasses provided by well-ordered Communist bureaux, I find much fascination in Drobny's account of his escape to less-regimented parts.

"Had I not got out," he told me from his quiet country home in Surrey, "I might have become a Master of Sport, but certainly never a champion of Wimbledon."

So we will record two days of days to Jaroslav Drobny, the square-built, bespectacled left-hander who defied the Communists in 1949 and the critics in 1954.

Recalled home

Recall home by a Czech government, I am not sure if the present in the Swiss champion's life is a happy one. He is married and has a young son, and a Spanish (Vive le Sport!), French, was confirmed at a Gland, by a wispish gent from his country's legation.

"Go, pack your bags. I will take you to Berne and put you on an airplane to Prague," yelled the wispish diplomat.

So Drobny, receiving an impulse to "escape" his left hook, promised to be a good little Czech and go home two days later. Instead, he and Cernak had a quiet talk and left at a mountain and, on July 15, 1949, crossed this signed announcement to be printed in three languages and affixed to the championship notice-board.

"We wish to state in public that we are sportsmen completely devoted to lawn tennis and in no way connected with politics. We have, therefore,

decided to respect Swiss hospitality and shall play to the end of the international championships at Gland.

"No one can prevent us from following our sporting ambitions and with that object we propose to go to the United States."

A Czech attache ripped the notice down. Prague newspapers hollered bourgeois and blue murder; and no more Czech lawn tennis players were allowed any Westward.

of Argentina, in two hours—most of which I spent pulling over being brought up on hard courts. I had a habit of sliding into my shots.

"I am afraid there was little in my game that day to suggest that I would win that same Wimbledon title 16 years later."

Great-day supremacy at Wimbledon came to Drobny only at the eleventh hour and the eleventh attempt, after he had suffered those well-known things and arrows of outrageous fortune.

The stars of sport talk to George Whiting

And nobody phoned from the Ministry...

—They even sang at the Wimbledon ball

His departure for the next five years.

But Jaroslav Drobny was free to become really practised on good green grass for the first time in his life. Free to lose at Wimbledon.

Free to win at Wimbledon, at an age (32) when the know-all and the seeding committee had as good as written him off as a hard-luck has-been.

Curious about that grass. We insular Britons are apt to take lightly our blessing of immaculate turf, and to forget that in Eastern Europe they have not the slightest conception of what a grass lawn-tennis court plays like, or looks like.

Habit of sliding

"Getting out of Czechoslovakia enabled me to fit my game to the demands of grass, and they are considerable," Drobny told me. "If I had won anything on grass in my early days it would have been a fluke. When I made my first trip to Wimbledon, paid for by a shoe manufacturer in 1939, I had never even seen a grass court."

"It had rained over the week-end, and I was beaten on the first day by Alex Russell,

"I was referred to as the man who could not win," the man who fell at the last fence," he has told us in his autobiography.

Drobny was seeded No. 11, a damn-with-taint-praise compliment interpreted by him as a personal insult.

But for his Ealing-born wife, the former Rita Jarvis, he would have withdrawn from the championships there and then, and the All-England record would have been denied one of its most historic chapters.

"I was referred to as the man who could not win," the man who fell at the last fence," he has told us in his autobiography.

And it was so.



DROBNY... by way of preparation he went fishing for tiddlers.

Nettled by what he considered a slur on his fighting spirit, Drobny shot his way to the final via Messrs. Arkinstall (Australia), Bergelin (Sweden), Ulicki (Denmark), Wastner (Belgium), Hoed (Austria) and his old "time-test" rival, Patty.

Only young Ken Rosewall, that slim and slightly saturnine "back-of-the-court" expert from Australia, stood between Drobny and the ambition he had been sweating at for nearly 20 years.

By way of preparation Drobny went fishing for tiddlers, watched Rosewall on television, collected his in-laws, and in no time at all was out there on the Centre Court, bowing to King Gustav of Sweden, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent.

Thus began the best and bravest Wimbledon final seen for many years. Raw nerves sizzled in the sunshine... Drobny twice double-faulted... Rosewall missed two smashes... umpire and linesman differed over the exact point of arrival.

of a Rosewall passing shot, a ball-boy sneezed the battle was joined.

"Our first crisis," recalls Drobny, "came when Rosewall had a set point at 11-10. But I won the set at 13-11, and with it a tremendous moral advantage against so young an opponent."

Rosewall took the second set 6-4 after Drobny had four times pulled him back to deuce in the tenth game. One set later, a handful of minutes of levered time gone by.

Break-through

Third set to Drobny at 6-2, leading 4-3 in the fourth set, nearer and nearer to the victory that would repay in brimming measure the disappointments of a decade. Let Drobny himself tell of those last dramatic stages.

"I served like fury for 5-3, threw away Rosewall's service game and bunted all on my own next service game. This nearly lost me the match, and, instead of serving really fast, I sent down three-quarter-speed serves, following them to the net and hoping the pressure might force Rosewall into errors."

Miraculous

"This time, with the match almost in my grasp, I served my damndest, but again Rosewall produced those miraculous passing shots and I was down 15-10. I could not help smiling at the irony of it all. My third final. My last final?"

"An ace saved me one game point. After a rally I dived and just reached one of Rosewall's passing shots, a desperate counter on my part to what looked like a winning shot. That made it deuce. He returned my service on the next point, but gave me a job which I killed stone dead. Match point."

Broke precedent

"I heard nothing, saw nothing, except little Rosewall standing there waiting for my service... I gave him a slice to his backhand that swung away, and when it hit the ground, broke the same way. Rosewall miss-hit it into the net. The happiest shot I have ever seen. It gave me the set at 9-7... and the match... and the championship."

After the day of days came the night of nights. Fifteen hundred well-wishers sent Jaroslav Drobny their congratulations, and at the customary Wimbledon Ball the usually non-demonstrative company broke precedent with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

And nobody telephoned from the Ministry of Interior.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

The greatest day in the life of Joo Davis

I talked to the top Gibraltar spokesman, 40-year-old Joshua Hassan, leader of the elected members of the Legislative Council and Mayor for nine years. Hassan, dark and ebullient, looks like Napoleon, and comes from a family which has lived on The Rock for two centuries.

I asked him: "Is there any out-with-the-British feeling here? Is there an Enosis movement for union with Spain?"

"We are British as the Cornish or the Welsh," he said. "We combine the imaginative Latin outlook with the common sense of the Englishman. We are proud to be Gibraltarians, but we are one hundred percent loyal to the Crown."

A PLEBISCITE?

There, in a nutshell, is a possible solution to the Gibraltar problem. Let Spain, as a member of the United Nations, demand Gibraltar. Let Britain give the Gibraltarians the right of self-determination—there is no explosive minority dispute here as in Cyprus—and let UNO supervise a plebiscite. Let both Britain and Spain agree to abide by the decision of the Gibraltarians themselves.

And while they're at it, they might extend the plebiscite to the Campo area of Spain, just across the border. They might have a very surprising number of Spaniards who want to be Gibraltarians—under the Crown.

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The constant shifting of the world's population has thrown up a new nation on Gibraltar. On The Rock live 25,000 people. Of these, 4,000 are Servicemen, 1,000 are residents from the United Kingdom, and nearly 2,000 are assorted foreigners. All the others are Gibraltarians. The Gibraltarians are not Spanish. They came originally from Portugal, Genoa, Malta, Sicily and half-a-dozen other Mediterranean countries. Their community is already formed, and only 100 certificates of naturalisation have been granted here in the past five years. Circumstances have made them a nation of shopkeepers, but they are emerging as a small nation in their own right, no longer always dependent upon the patronage of the garrison.

FRANCO HOTS UP COLD WAR AGAINST "THE ROCK"

From Tom Pocock

IN tense, troubled Madrid, where student rioting flared last month, seasoned diplomats are saying: "One thing is certain—for Franco's regime this is the beginning of the end." Here in Gibraltar, they are saying: "One thing is certain—Franco will hot up the cold war for The Rock."

More than likely. For years Gibraltar has been Franco's most faithful herring at times of trouble in his 17-year-old police state.

Many Spaniards are humiliated by air and naval bases the Americans are now building across their country. They care little that the Union Jack is flying on The Rock. But, still, Franco and the Falange Party can whip up some anti-British feeling among young people.

RED TAPE

Gibraltar was occupied by Spaniards for 212 years—compared with 781 by the Moors and 251 by the British—but little that the Union Jack is flying on The Rock. But, still, Franco and the Falange Party can whip up some anti-British feeling among young people.

the massive concrete-and-steel gateway that shuts it away from Gibraltar.

Inhabitants of The Rock, who once moved freely across the border, are no longer allowed to do so. Red tape and visa restrictions have all but cut them off from Spain.

Hundreds of Britons who have settled in Spain and have residents' permits can only visit Gibraltar by going first to Tangier or producing a Spanish worker's visa. Unmarried British soldiers and sailors are not allowed into La Linea unless they have passports or come in specially conducted parties.

There are minor restrictions on trade, on the passage of cars and on tourism.

Meanwhile, across the bay Algeciras is being developed as a rival port. Already, an American shipping line is landing passengers there instead of at Gibraltar. They travel on to Madrid in 17 hours by Spanish train instead of flying from The Rock.

But these are pinpricks, irritating but to be borne.

Every morning, before dawn, there pour through the La Linea gates some 10,000 Spaniards to work in Gibraltar, mostly as manual labourers, dockyard workers and servants. They must have special Spanish visas and, like Cinderella, must be back home by midnight. Just over 4,000 of these workers are

employed by the Colonial Government, the City Council and the three Services.

Without them Gibraltar could not function as a fortress, a port or a town, unless alternative labour was drafted in. And this is Franco's trump card.

So the Spanish dictator has begun to limit the number of Spaniards working in Gibraltar. But he dare not stop them altogether. At least, not yet. Andalusia is too poor to stand the sudden unemployment this would involve.

WANT SHOWDOWN

Franco's hold upon Spain is too shaky to withstand such a shock. But near Cadiz and Seville, the Americans are building naval and air bases, and these, with other American projects, may soon provide alternative jobs. Then, the morning flow across the frontier may stop.

Gibraltar could survive even this. Regard The Rock—with its fine harbour (now to be improved at a cost of nearly £2,000,000) its airfield and its vast underground power stations, workshops, fuel tanks, magazines and barracks—as a fortress and it can survive any cold war, expensively but easily. Draft a brigade of Sappers and Engineers to Gibraltar, and it can perform its strategic function without a

single Spanish workman, as it has before.

But what is the attitude of the British Government to Franco's threats and abuse? All too often there is a fixed, ingratiating smile on the face of John Bull, only occasionally replaced by a petulant pout of annoyance.

Here in Gibraltar they feel that the time for a showdown has come. But before this can happen, the world must regard Gibraltar not as a quaint historical and geographical Albert Memorial, but as a country in its own right.

The constant shifting of the world's population has thrown up a new nation on Gibraltar. On The Rock live 25,000 people. Of these, 4,000 are Servicemen, 1,000 are residents from the United Kingdom, and nearly 2,000 are assorted foreigners. All the others are Gibraltarians. The Gibraltarians are not Spanish. They came originally from Portugal, Genoa, Malta, Sicily and half-a-dozen other Mediterranean countries. Their community is already formed, and only 100 certificates of naturalisation have been granted here in the past five years. Circumstances have made them a nation of shopkeepers, but they are emerging as a small nation in their own right, no longer always dependent upon the patronage of the garrison.

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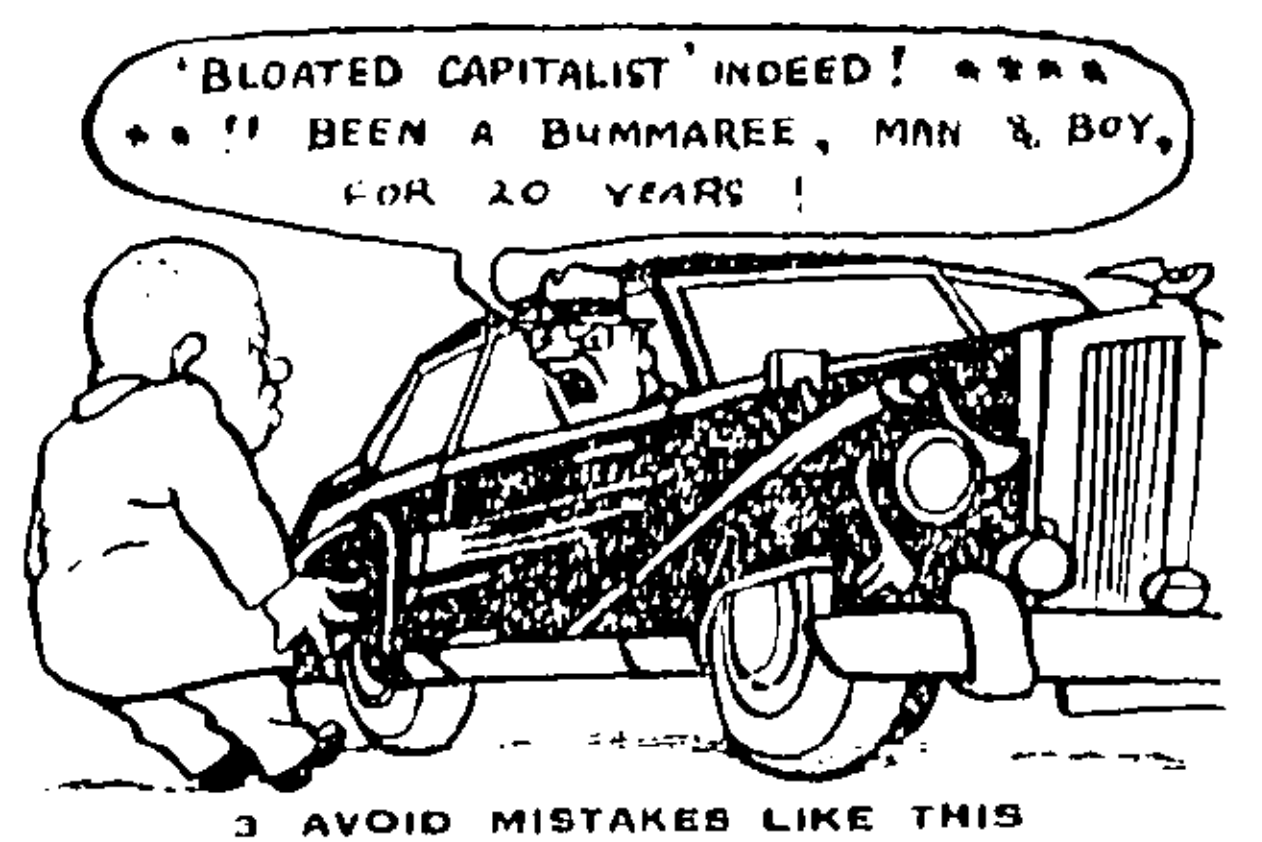
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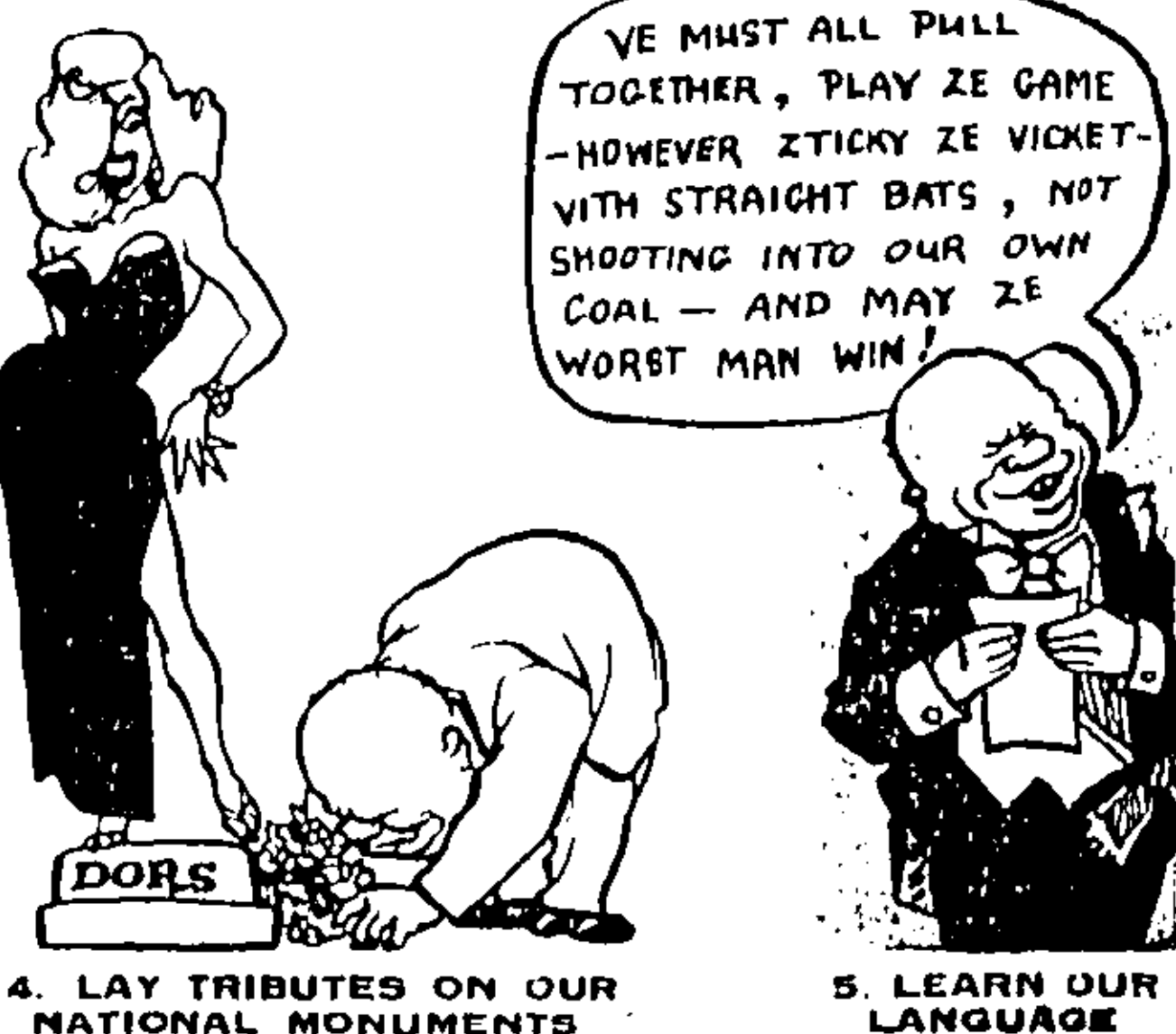
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TRIALS FOR TREASON: NO. 5

Klaus Fuchs, The Deadliest Traitor

By NIGEL GEE

THE corruption of Klaus Fuchs is one of the Nazis' few lasting successes. They drove him to Communism, and so set off the chain reaction which was to make him the deadliest of the atomic traitors.

No one man could give Russia the whole of the secret she acquired, but Fuchs came nearest to achieving such distinction. The scientific consequences of his action may not be far-reaching, but the political and strategic results are incalculable.

Fuchs was born in Germany in 1911, the son of a pastor of a particularly strong religious faith. Apart from himself and his parents, there were a brother and two sisters, all of whom were to suffer intensely at the hands of the Nazis. Their offence was a simple one—they were on the wrong side.

His father was imprisoned, his mother committed suicide, one sister threw herself under a train, and another brother died in exile. There have been less recent reasons for expelling Communism.

Through the benevolence of an English family who shared his father's Quaker faith, he came to England in September of the same year. He had no more to sustain his still undeveloped intellectual resources and his dedication to Communism.

Not unnaturally, he kept his political convictions to himself, though it was not long before the British authorities became aware of them. The news came, however, from a source hardly unprejudiced—the Gestapo. For that reason it is no surprise that little significance was attached to it, though the information was recorded dutifully.

In the light of subsequent events, the security services have had to endure criticism for want of vigilance after so early a warning. At the time, however, of Fuchs' flight there were thousands fleeing from Nazism, most of whom were labelled as Communists by their vindictive

persecutors. Many of them were Communists, but in most cases their energy was directed only to anti-Nazi activities, and few turned to bite the hand that fed them.

Arrangements were made for Fuchs to continue his studies, first at Bristol and then at Edinburgh University. In 1940, when the Nazis overran France, he was interned in Canada with his fellow German refugees on the principle of safety first for both themselves and the state.

SPLIT LOYALTIES

IN 1941 he was released, and later that year was invited to join the atomic research project. In 1942 he was admitted to British citizenship. So now his loyalties were split down the middle, for he had already established contact with Russian agents and was dispensing the fruits of his labours.

While he was working in New York, Fuchs had regular meetings with his contact, the American Harry Gold. He no longer scrupled to differentiate between his own work and the discoveries of others. He reported minutely on everything he knew.

Suddenly the source dried up, and Gold was left to scour New York for his other half. Fuchs had in fact been sent to Los Alamos, New Mexico, to work on the actual construction of the bomb. Fuchs could be very punctilious about observing the security regulations. One normal communication had been resumed, this period of Fuchs' career proved the most faithful of all for the Russians. His reports were detailed and precise, but they were still only trailers for forthcoming attractions. They were still anticipating the application of theory to practice—the explosion of the bomb.

ACCEPTS £100

WHEN it finally came, he was able to make his final analysis to the indefatigable traveller, Harry Gold.

It was not a complete construction kit of the atomic bomb, but it contained details of dimensions, contents and methods of detonating it. The British team returned home soon afterwards, but before he left fresh arrangements were made for him to pass information in London. Fuchs had been appointed to a post at Harwell, the new atomic energy establishment in Berkshire. For a time he seemed to lose interest in espionage,

but in 1947 he set out to re-establish contact with Russians. It was at this stage that he accepted his first payment over and above his working expenses as a spy. It was only £100, but it was to be a token to convince him there could be no turning back. He needed such conviction, for he was already wrestling with his conscience.

All his adult life he had been an introvert. His work and his Marxist faith had been enough to sustain him. In his statement after his confession, he opens his mind to a laboratory analysis. He had divided his mind into two compartments. The one allowed him to enjoy the one thing he had in complete safety, because the other compartment was constantly on guard and told him when to stop. He was schizophrenic, but under controlled conditions.

HINT FROM US

NOW, since he had come to Harwell, the control mechanism was breaking down. He was becoming human. Even before Security began to suspect him, he was looking for a way out on terms which would in the future live and let live.

The course of events, however, would not permit anything so easy. A report from America suggested that Nunn May had not been the only traitor in the British camp. The facts seemed best to fit Fuchs, but there was nothing to act upon.

He was questioned obliquely and patiently. Eventually he was asked if he had met a Russian representative in New York and had had plans to leave for America. A plain lie would have maintained at least a state of indefinite immanence, but Fuchs was uncertain of what he wanted to do. He gave the answer which only delayed the inevitable. "I don't think so."

In the end he found the solution to his dilemma. He rejected any half measures which might be passed off as indiscretions. He told all, and his story was infinitely worse than anything he had suggested. It had been a heavy secret for even a man of Fuchs' mentality to bear, and confession probably brought absolution to his tortured mind. Yet still illusion persisted. He had not been caught once he had been co-operative and helpful. He had been wrong, even bad, but what is done cannot be undone, and such a thing would never happen again. So let's all get back to work.

NO ESCORT

THOUGH he was beginning to learn about the ways in which society conducts its affairs, he was still far from the truth. He was invited to come to Harwell several days after his confession. The purpose was to arrest him, a fact which almost anyone but Fuchs would have divined. He travelled alone; there was no need for an escort.

Justice was dispensed quickly to Klaus Fuchs. He pleaded guilty, but he did not begin his 14-year confinement before he had heard some plain speaking from Lord Cawdor. His sins were catalogued.

He had imperilled the right of asylum given to all political refugees like himself. He had betrayed not only the inventions of his own mind, but also of others upon whom the gravest suspicion might have fallen. He had jeopardised the good relations between Britain and America. He had done irreparable harm to the peoples of both these countries.

That was the meaning of his treason in human terms. That was not news to Klaus Fuchs. Not now.

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NEXT SATURDAY:
The Mystery Of The
Vanished Scientist

SHE CAN SING EVERY NOTE

Jennifer soars right through the keyboard



Jennifer Johnson—singing the lowest note of the piano.

TWENTY-THREE YEAR-OLD Jennifer Johnson must find a composer to write for her before she can begin her singing career if she is to use the full range of her voice.

In a demonstration at a Golden Green studio, Jennifer spanned seven octaves—the range of a piano. She can pitch her voice as high as a violin, as low as a cello.

She said: "I believe mine is the first of a new kind of voice. I want to sing music written to exploit it."

The first of a new kind of voice? There are about 20 others who are studying under a 59-year-old music teacher with a new method, German-born Alfred Wolfsohn.

Jennifer said: "Some of them can reach eight octaves. I happen to be the most developed in the practical sense. We are taught on the theory that there is no basic difference between men's voices and women's."

Jennifer, who comes from Bournemouth, can use four and a half octaves for practical singing. Most singers have a range of two and a half.

But Peruvian singer Yma Sumac is believed to have the widest range on the concert platform—five octaves.

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If Marilyn Can Have One—Why Can't I...?

EVE PERRICK AND THE PSYCHO-ANALYST

WELL, one thing I thought I could get in the Marilyn Monroe manner was a session with a psycho-analyst.

Said I to myself: "All right—you're not a blonde, a breaker of hearts, or of shoulder straps—but if the fair lady says she's a different person since she got wise to herself by way of a easy chat or two on a couch built for one in her psychiatrist's consulting room, why not give the thing a try?"

"Pay your five guineas, own up to putting red ink in your form mistress's strawberry-blonde hair, and relax—say 'Miss Monroe' should take the time, while she's in England playing around with the Oliver's to sample the English copy of the American way of life."

Two hours in the confessional chamber (one and a half hours convincing the learned doctor, a recognised authority on the subject and so needfully named, that I was a fit subject for psycho-analysis, and a mere 30 minutes on the couch taking the treatment).

DEVITALISED—THAT'S ME NOW

THE new straightened-out Eve Perrick is a poor, devitalised creature, just a wee bit embarrassed about the whole thing, and totting a couple more inhibitions than those she went in with.

It seemed an innocuous enough setting. One of those attractive, terraced houses backing on to Regent's Park, with four bottles of milk on the doorstep denoting that the mind-expert I had come to see was also either a family man or a letter-off of flats.

He looked neither paternal nor priestly nor particularly psychic. And, though the two couches were the room's most predominant furnishings, he beckoned me into a chair, gave me a cup of tea and a ginger-snap, and proceeded to try to talk me out of what he termed "taking analysis."

"People have entirely the wrong idea about psycho-analysis," he said. "They think it is merely a matter of coming in, lying on the couch, talking about themselves, and going out feeling pleased with themselves. That it's a relaxing experience. 'I can tell you it's hard work—for me and the patient. Sooner or later they come to hate their analyst—won't give anything."

You have to break down their hostility and try to re-establish contact between you.

"And you being a journalist will make it even more difficult. You will hang on to your detachment—keep one part of you concentrating on what you might write about, and be frightened to put yourself cutely in my hands."

I did my best to convince him that beneath the know-it-all cynical columnist there was just a crazy mixed-up kid.

THE LOVE-HATE RELATIONSHIP

"Now look," I said, "I have a job, a husband, a child, a house—just how many problems do you need to get into this act? 'I have an anxiety complex so extreme that one sticky night in 1940 with bombs falling, guns banging, and everyone else around me praying that they'd just get to live through it all, I alone sat in the cellar worrying about post-war problems. How about that?'"

"Nothing extraordinary," he commented. "Similar thing happened to me in Paris in 1918. Everyone else was going gay celebrating the Armistice while I pondered about what was going to happen to me next."

I tried again. "At times I also have an overwhelming desire to kill my husband," I announced with some pride. He looked not a bit impressed. I continued.

"Last night, for instance, I was lying awake, my habitual insomnia made worse by a splitting headache, and he was snoring away like a buzz-saw. I wanted to choke him."

"Ah, a typical example of the love-hate relationship," pronounced the psycho-analyst. "After all, you didn't give way to your impulse to kill him."

"Only because I didn't know enough about the technicalities of smothering to arrange to make it look like an accident," I admitted.

CAUGHT OUT ON THE HOP

ANYWAY, at that stage, he considered me worthy material for the full analysis treatment and indicated the smaller of the two couches. It was a nice comfortable one. The room was warm. After my sleepless night, I was feeling pleasantly drowsy. A voice, quiet but gently insistent, spoke: "What are you thinking about now?"

Now there's the thing! Caught on the hop at the first question

without a single thought in my simple, sleepy head. Quickly I improvised like mad, said something non-committal about one of the pictures over the mantel, relaxed again.

"What's in your mind now?" the voice came back again. "Gosh," I mused to myself, "I can see what he means by 'hard work'. Quick, think of something—back in your childhood if possible."

"I'm thinking," I said, superbly at ease that I'm at times, "that if my sister were here she'd probably say, 'Oh, I suppose you're going to tell him about that time I hit you over the head with the salmon tin?'"

"Ah," said my analyst, "I think you're trying to get me to like you."

"Well, let's say approve of me," I amended.

"What are you thinking now?" "Here we go again," I thought (but didn't tell him). He got there first that time, though. "You're thinking I'm hostile to you," he said. "Not quite," I corrected again. "Only that you're still rather suspicious of me."

Now there's a thing! Caught "You know," he said, "I note that you have a tendency to substitute words for other words that mean exactly the same thing."

YES, I MAY NEED HELP

I GOT the idea that something significant was happening at last. "You should see me at the office," I cried eagerly. "I can't pass a single sub-editor struggling with a headline without telling him he's using the wrong word and suggesting another one." I waited hopefully to be told the cause of this quirk in my mental make-up.

The doctor made no comment. Apparently you do not get a character-reading for the first five guineas.

By a lot of leading questions I put to him, I gathered that I was a fence-sitter and a fond mother, both of which I already knew. And that my insomnia was caused by a subconscious fear that I might die in my sleep—which was news to me.

But at least the psychiatrist, admitted at the end of the session that, contrary to his first impression, he thought I might be in need of his help after all, and I could call again any time I would admit it too. (After all, Miss Monroe had to go along to her man for four months before she found out what she was all about.)

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ODDS FISH! THEY'RE ANIMALS

"Nightmare" Creatures Really Exist

PIGS can't fly," we're apt to say when someone asks the impossible. But to judge from the experiments of a Swedish Professor, Gosta Hagqvist, there's no telling what miracles even a pig will perform.

The Professor is bringing home the bacon in a big way by rearing a boar nine feet long and weighing half a ton! He claims he could double the size of other farm animals and cause a hen to lay double-sized eggs.

But all this would be achieved by artificial means and Nature has already provided us with plenty of very queer animals. Our old friend the bat, for example, has such wonderful wings that it was taken for a bird for hundreds of years. Yet it is as much an animal as a sheep, and feeds its young with milk in the same way.

In some warm countries, like Japan, India and Australia, the bat comes in a much larger size, a fruit-

eating species with wings five feet across. They call it the "Flying Fox" because of its reddish hair and fox-like head.

The bat may be the only animal which really does fly, but there are several which would qualify for a glider-pilot's badge. Top of this

ed, the mother platypus can pop the youngsters into a neat pouch and feed them with milk.

Another egg-laying animal is the ant-eating echidna, a distant relation of the platypus. Its body is covered with quills like a porcupine, and has five toes on each foot like a man or a monkey. But its most spectacular gift would amaze the British rabbit. With the aid of strong claws, the echidna can

And what's more, they know exactly where the trees will fall, and how to build the right shape of dam for fast and slow-running streams.

Among the better-known animals, the beaver is not the only one having odd characteristics. Just think of the enormous bulk of the hippo. You'd imagine it would sink without trace in water, but it doesn't. It swims and dives like a fish.

About the only oddity that is supposed not to exist is a white elephant. But the villagers of Cheam Poch, Cambodia, in Indo-China, are not so sure. In 1850, they were reported to be hunting a wild "white elephant" with pink tusks, which had been ravaging their rice fields.

(COPYRIGHT)

WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

class is the so-called "Flying" Lemur of India, which can glide as far as 200 feet from a tree-top takeoff.

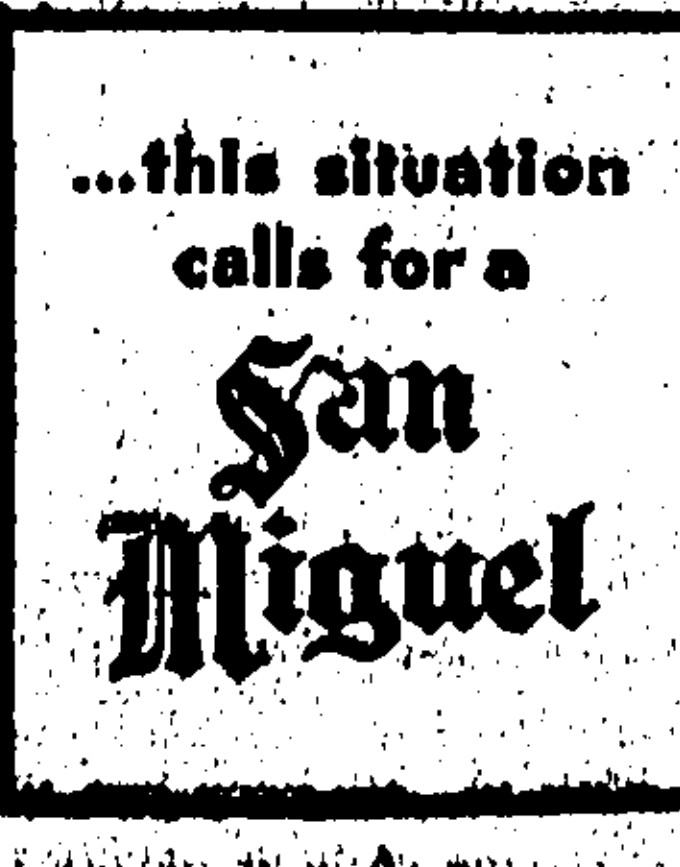
Australia and New Guinea have flying (or should it be Phlying?) Phalaropes, and in various parts of the world there are flying squirrels and flying mice, the young of which got plenty of "dual control" practice, for the mother carries them around in a pouch, like a kangaroo.

Apart from the airborne types, there are a lot of animals which have got mixed up with the birds and the fishes. Take the Aussie duck-billed platypus, for instance. It has the head of an otter, the beak and feet of a bird, and it lays eggs! But it goes one better—then a bird. When the eggs are hatch-

bury itself in the ground, while you watch. It may be one in the eye for crossword puzzle addicts to learn that there's another queer animal with just two vowels for a name—the al. He's one of the sloth family. Idle fellows who spend a lifetime sky- watching. They're been hanging back-downwards from the boughs of trees for so long that they've taken on the same colouring. No wonder they're hard to spot from down below!

One of the most remarkable of all animals is the beaver, which has two webbed feet and a ten-inch tail, which it uses as a rudder in water and as a support to sit on when it works or eats. But the thing that makes it even more unusual is its skill as an engineer. To ensure they have sufficient water around their homes, the beavers build a dam or trees, which they fell by biting through the trunks.

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a
San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Empire Line Ousts The Long Torso

By MARIE FONTAINE

Paris. The sweater line is dead. That is the most significant fact which arises when one reviews the Paris fashions for the coming spring and summer. In dresses, the waist is either in its natural position or more often, is raised to just beneath the bust. In suits, the jackets are chopped off short just beneath the waist. There is little trace of the long torso effect or fullness starting at the hip line. Skirts, which are slightly shorter this season at some houses, are usually straight for day wear or box-pleated—either pressed—all round.

This raised waistline on dresses is achieved by a pleat, belt or by some shirred or draped effect just beneath the bust. Such dresses are usually slender and have no horizontal seam at waist level, where they are fitted but not moulded.

★ ★ ★

For instance, a slender sheath dress in black wool by **Margy Rouff** with short cap sleeves and a deep wide V-neckline is trimmed with a band of black pleated ribbon in a straight line just beneath the bust. Incidentally, the square neckline with shoe-string shoulder straps is also disappearing and is being replaced by a (some-times) high neckline and short sleeves.

Another slim sheath dress, this time by **Madeline de Rauch**, is in navy blue wool jersey. It has a high draped collar, short sleeves, a vertical pocket on each hip and a U-shaped buttoned yoke.

Prominent in the collections of one or two of the Paris couturiers, and also featured by some of the London designers in their spring-summer collections, are floating panels on dresses.

Christian Dior, who has caused great interest by reviving draped effects on dresses, swatches the fabric of a grey flannel dress over the right shoulder and the right hip to meet just below the bust on the left side. He also emphasises the high-waisted effect with a gathered panel floating loose from there to the hem.

★ ★ ★

Floating panels are also featured on either side of a dress by **Madeline de Rauch**. These meet at the centre back, almost concealing the straight skirt beneath. This model is in grey and black Glen check wool which, incidentally, is a very popular fabric in Paris this season. It buttons to hip-level, has a wide collar and small rounded revers, and also a pocket with a buttoned flap on either side at bust-level.

Belts have returned to those dresses which have a waistline in the natural position. They are either in leather or take the form of wide, draped cummer-



JEAN DESSES: The "Watteau" pleat, a box pleat extending from just above the waist to the hem at the back, gives the high-waisted look to this dress of grey pick-and-pick checked wool. 2. **LANVIN (CASTILLO)**: The latest variation on the dress and jacket theme is seen here in this ensemble in navy blue and white striped wool. The dress has a full pleated skirt; the jacket is short and reveals the waist. Both dress and jacket are fastened to the left side of the centre front. 3. **CHRISTIAN DIOR**: This is the caraco, a short sleeved loose fitting and fastened down the back. It is worn here with a matching skirt of lightweight black wool, the draped panel of which raises the waistline at the front. 4. **JEAN PATOU**: Navy blue is a favourite colour for coat-dresses such as this one in lightweight wool. The line is straight, the waistline is discreetly indicated, and the important collar covers the top of the arms. A little white yoke fills in the shoulder. 5. **MADELINE DE RAUCH**: One of the most popular fabrics this season is Glen check wool. In black and grey, it was chosen by this designer for this suit with double-breasted jacket and flared, paneled skirt. Note the white cuffs and bow trimming.

the back at **Christian Dior** they increase their volume by the importance given to the sleeves. The "soften" idea, with silks up the side seams, is still retained in one or two instances. **Genevieve Fath** has introduced a variation on this theme with coats which are all up the centre back to the shoulder blades.

The fabrics favoured by the Paris couturiers this season can be divided into two main categories. On the one hand are the loosely-woven wools such as hopsack, coarse wool, serge, mullin (which shows an irregular weave reminiscent of hand-woven fabrics) and fancy tweeds with large shepherd checks in tone-on-tone combinations. On the other hand are all the pure worsteds and suits

There's A Human Success Story Behind These Suede Shoes With A Difference

London. The business which was intended to be a branch dependent upon and assisted by the long established mother house in Prague, had to be built up from scratch—in a distasteful spinning mill little suited to the needs of a tannery.

The only advantage which the brothers **Utz** saw in the site was the fact that there was plenty of the right kind of water available. The importance of this may be judged by the fact that today consumption of water at the tannery is between 200,000 gallons and 250,000 gallons a day.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

There were also plenty of unemployed workers, the British Government having given the scheme their blessing because the mill, located at Killybegh, just outside Belfast, in Northern Ireland, was in one of the worst depressed areas of Britain at that time.

But even the labour problem was not so easily solved. When they had work, before the linen industry began to decline, the workers had been spinning flax, or helping to grow it—far step from the processes of tanning. Many of the workers were reluctant to learn new ways.

When the tannery opened, in 1930, the **Utz** brothers hoped eventually to employ 60 people. Today, they employ 400 people, engaged upon the whole process of tanning from the sorting of the skins imported from Nigeria, South Africa, East Africa and other parts of the world, the removal of the hair from the pelts to the final dyeing and finishing of the leather or suede as the case may be.

SECRET PROCESS

The secret process by which the suede is treated to make it water repellent involves no use of resin or plastic, which means that the feet can breathe naturally—in other words, the shoes cannot "draw" the wearers' feet.

One of the pioneers in the use of this new suede is Mr. John Cavanagh, one of the youngest members of London's Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers who designs clothes for the elegant Duchess of Kent and her young daughter, Princess Alexandra.

In his new Spring and Summer Collection, he uses suede shoes throughout, all specially dyed and designed to match, tone, or contrast with the model with which they are being worn.

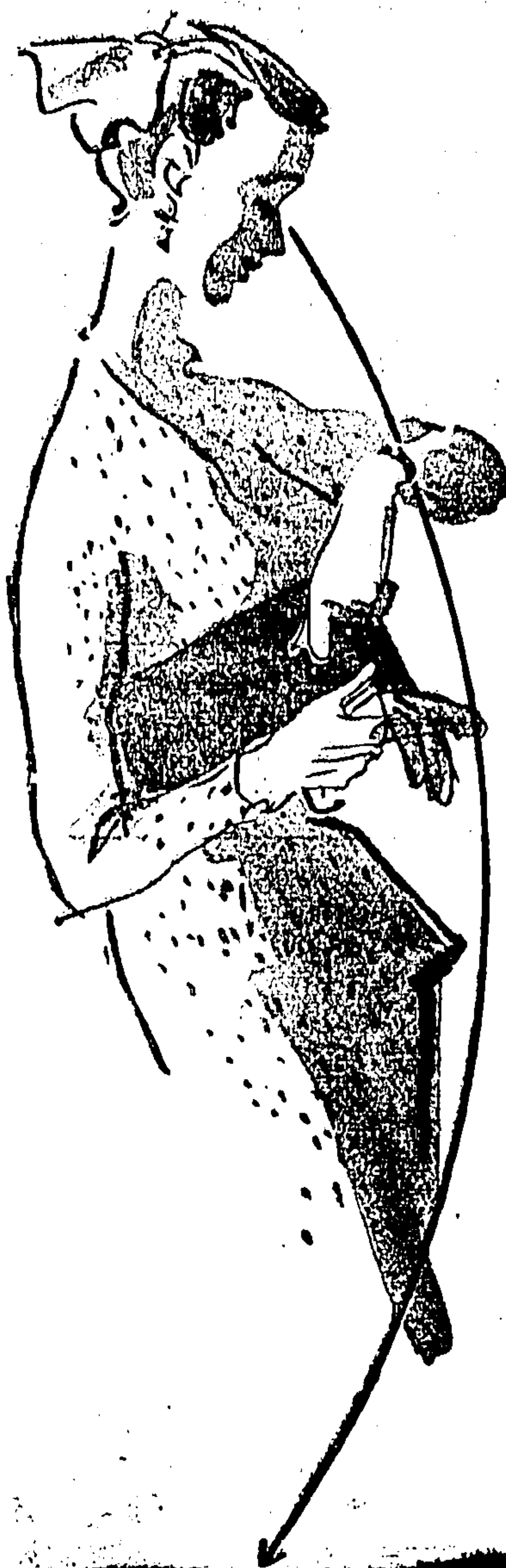
Behind these new shoes, or rather the suede from which they are made is a human success story of two brothers who fled before Hitler and his Nazi storm troopers when they were threatening to overrun Czechoslovakia in 1939.

NARROW ESCAPE

It was a narrow escape. They had only just found a site for their tannery, intended to be a branch of the family business, established in Prague since 1788, when Hitler, not content with occupying the Sudetenland in accordance with the Munich Agreement of 1938, marched the following year into the rest of Czechoslovakia.

The brothers **Utz** never went back to Prague.

Their parents succeeded in joining them before they were caught up by Hitler, but they were cut off from all the rest of their family and friends.



ROLEX

MODERN PROGRESS

Skins in the various processes are already being passed from father to son among the workers. And alongside the facilities of the works canteen and recreation rooms, educational talks and films are being started to help the workers to keep pace with modern progress.

The skins they process now go out to leading shoe manufacturers in Britain, Italy, France, Austria, and many other countries of Europe as well as the United States.

Kid suede has the great advantage of being between 15 and 20 percent cheaper than calf suede, while some of the best skins are classified by a special UTA process which makes them particularly useful for orthopaedic purposes, and very acceptable for the highest quality shoes. — **China Mail Special**.

A SENSE OF GRACIOUS LIVING

ONCE a week I like to pretend to be a lady; and the time I choose for this harmless bit of make-believe is Sunday morning. I like to make an evening of Sunday breakfast.

This is one of the best ways I know of getting a great deal of pleasure for a very little money. For six days a week breakfast is a scramble, with everyone in a hurry and nobody properly dressed.

Then, on Sunday, there's a delicious calm. You can play the gramophone in the morning, read several Sunday papers, wear your favourite trousers, talk for hours on the telephone, or just loaf in bed, without one uneasy glance at the clock.

Something a bit special in the way of Sunday breakfast can make the whole occasion even more of a pleasure. It induces a sense of gracious living which may not be justified by the facts, but which is enjoyable all the same.

I strongly recommend letting your imagination play round the subject of your Sunday savouries and toast. Dress the whole meal up a bit.

If You're On Your Own...

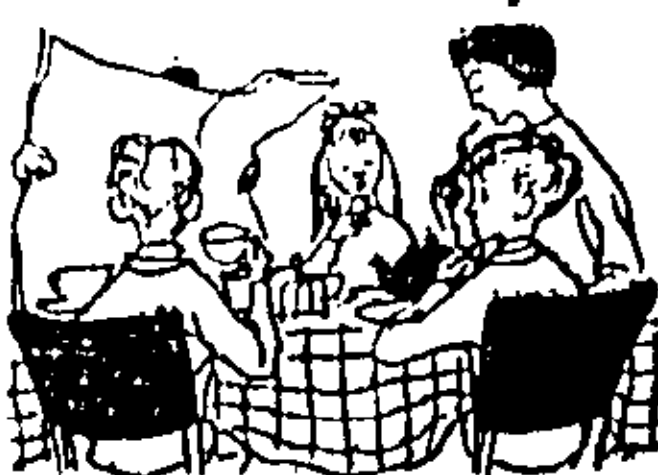


...If you're on your own, get yourself something extra special on a tray. (Or if you're a husband who likes breakfast in bed, make it two trays.) But don't let it be the same old pot of tea and stack of toast.

Make it a French breakfast, with coffee instead of tea, croissants or brioche instead of toast, and honey or cherry jam instead of marmalade.

Or make it an American breakfast with fruit juice, coffee, and scrambled eggs and crisp bacon all done in a frying pan (so-called) which is quick to cook and easy to wash up.

If You're A Family...



...If you're a family and you like a lazy Sunday morning with golf or some sort of expedition in the afternoon, then roll breakfast and lunch together and serve it about noon.

Don't let this meal get too stodgy. Start with fruit or fruit juice, then your hot breakfast dishes and coffee on a hotplate on the side, then finish with cheese and lettuce.

The sort of coffee I'd go for is the American, vacuum-packed type, because it's equally good black or white, make it in an aluminium percolator and serve with a jug of thin cream.

The sort of dishes would be: baked eggs; kedgeree; scallops baked in their shells with butter, crumbs, and a squeeze of lemon; fried kidneys, bacon, and chopped apple, or omelette, which are quick and practical for up to four people.

I once had a noon-day farmhouse lunch in Normandy, where each person was served with three or four thin, miniature omelettes with different fillings—you could do kidneys, herbs, sweet corn, mushrooms, and so on. Not a labour-saving idea, this one, but awfully good.

...If you've got children, you are pinned to the normal eating time—lunch is such an enemy to Gracious Living as a child. But you could at least get away from the familiar food pattern.

table with checked cloth and napkins. Give them bowls of marmite, then rolls, butter, jam. Or make waffles, making the mixture the night before, and serve with butter and syrup.

Or, if they have hardy stomachs, let them have hot, frothy chocolate instead of milk.

I don't say that any meal where you do the work can achieve the total luxury of butter, sideboards, and silver chafing dishes.

But anyone's Sunday breakfast can be a reasonable approximation.

HOW to make mullin. On Saturday night, mix 4oz. sultanas with 2 tablespoons flaked oats, just cover with boiling water and leave.

Sunday morning, add 2 tablespoons brown sugar and 4 large grated unpeeled apples, a little cream, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Blend well and serve at once.

—ANNE SCOTT-JAMES



PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post, South China China Mail Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

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Illustrating the "Discipline Line", theme of Jean Dessès' Spring and Summer Collection, this evening dress is of pink printed silk. It has a blessed effect at the back, with a long train. — Agence Franco-Press.



WELSHMEN attended a special service at the Union Church last Sunday to mark St David's Day. Before the service, a wreath of remembrance was laid at the Cenotaph by Dr J. Carey-Hughes (left), President of St David's Society, and Mr J. R. Jones. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, with officers of the Civil Aid Services during his visit to the Casam Club. On extreme left is the Hon. C. E. M. Terry, CAS Commissioner. (Staff Photographer)



THE Acting Commissioner of Police, Mr K. A. Bidmead (right), bidding Mr A. R. S. Major, Assistant Commissioner, good wishes before the latter departed on leave prior to retirement. Mr Major joined the Hongkong Police Force in 1929. (Staff Photographer)



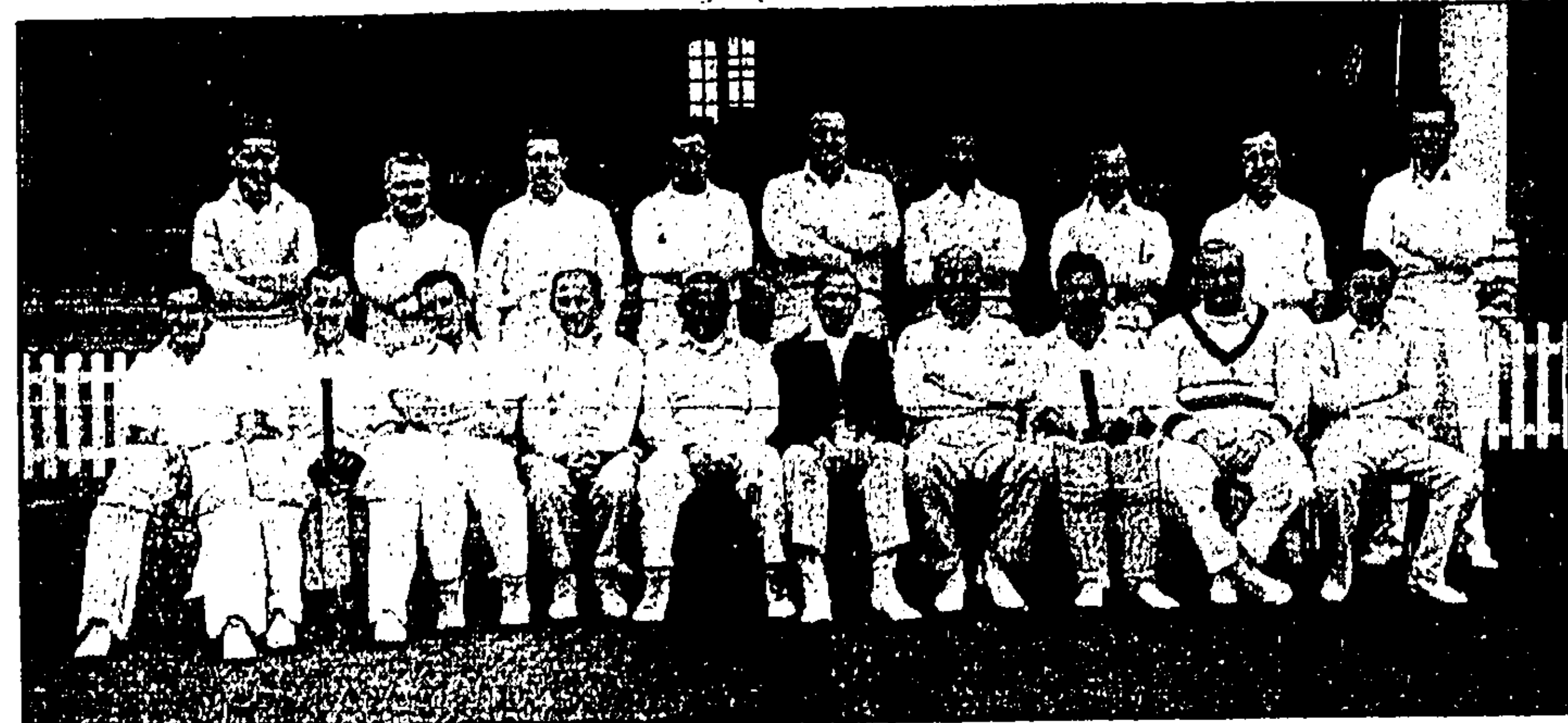
LEFT: Mr H. C. Monzies, Australian Government Trade Commissioner, who has been appointed Senior Trade Commissioner in Canberra, gave a farewell cocktail party for his friends at the Hongkong Club on Tuesday. Mr and Mrs Monzies are seen with Mr Pater Sin. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Janet Tomblin speaking on the Hongkong Arts Festival, of which she is Chairman, at last week's luncheon of the Lions Club. (Staff Photographer)



TWO staff members of Lano Crawford, Ltd., who have retired after long service, were presented with farewell gifts by Mr G. E. Marden, Chairman of Directors, last week. Mr Marden is shaking hands with Mr H. W. Randall (left), who joined the firm in 1917. In centre is Mr George Yue Hing, who joined in 1922. (Staff Photographer)



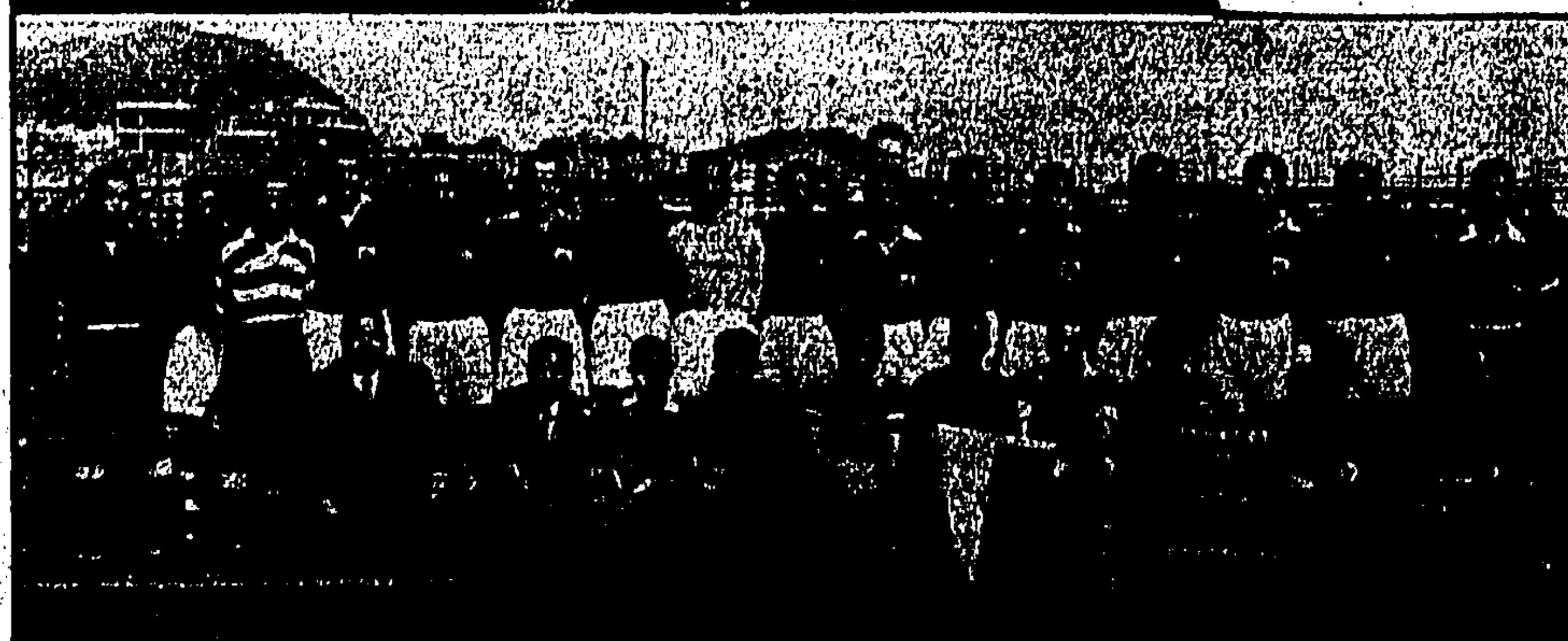
THE annual friendly cricket match between Jardine's and Taikoo at the Hongkong Cricket Club last Sunday ended in a narrow victory of 16 runs for the former team. Here are the players before the match. (Staff Photographer)



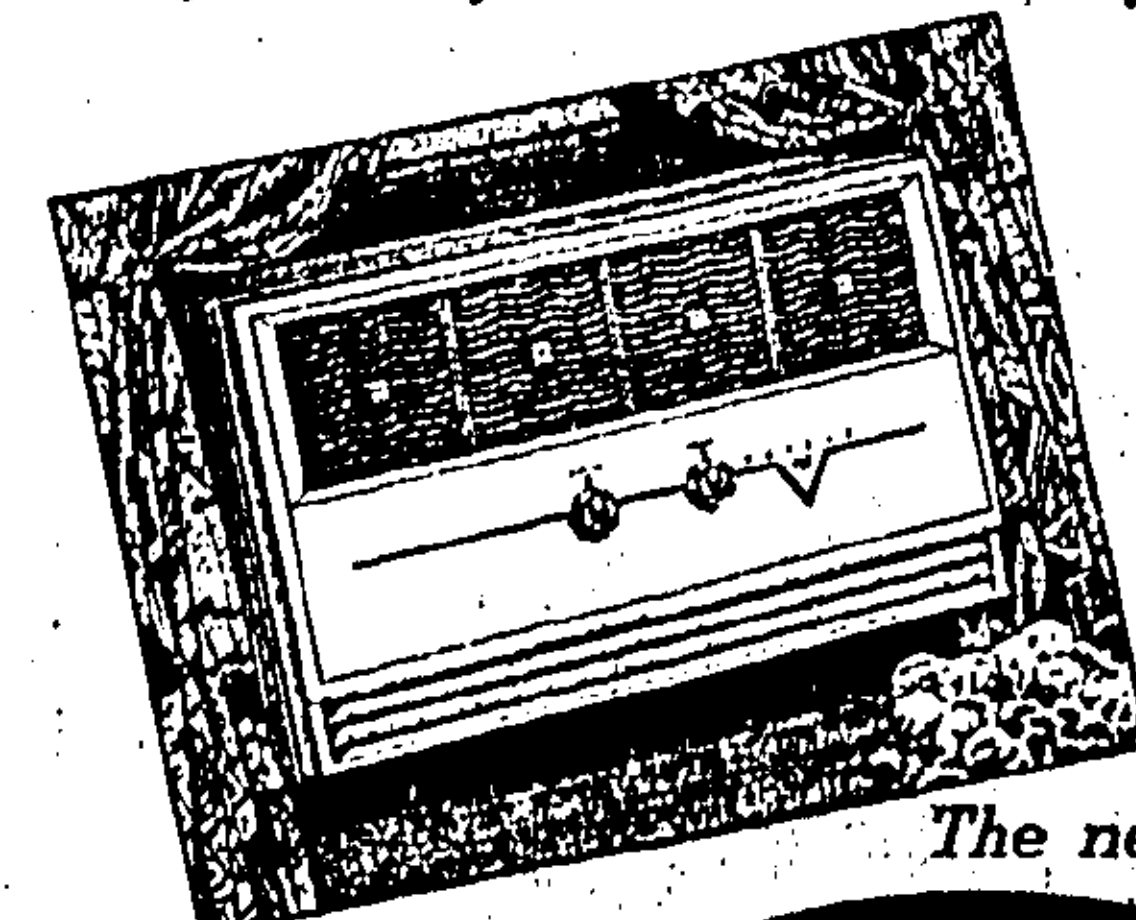
LEFT: Wedding at the Union Church of Mr Michael Clapton Illingworth, Assistant Superintendent of Police, and Miss Elizabeth Anne Goldman. (Staff Photographer)



THE annual Hongkong-Macao Police soccer interport, played last Saturday, was won by the visitors. Below are the two teams lined up before the game. Left: At the dinner following, Mr Roy Moss, captain of the Hongkong Police team, hands over the trophy to Lt Fandos, Chairman of the Macao Police Sports Association. (Staff Photographer)



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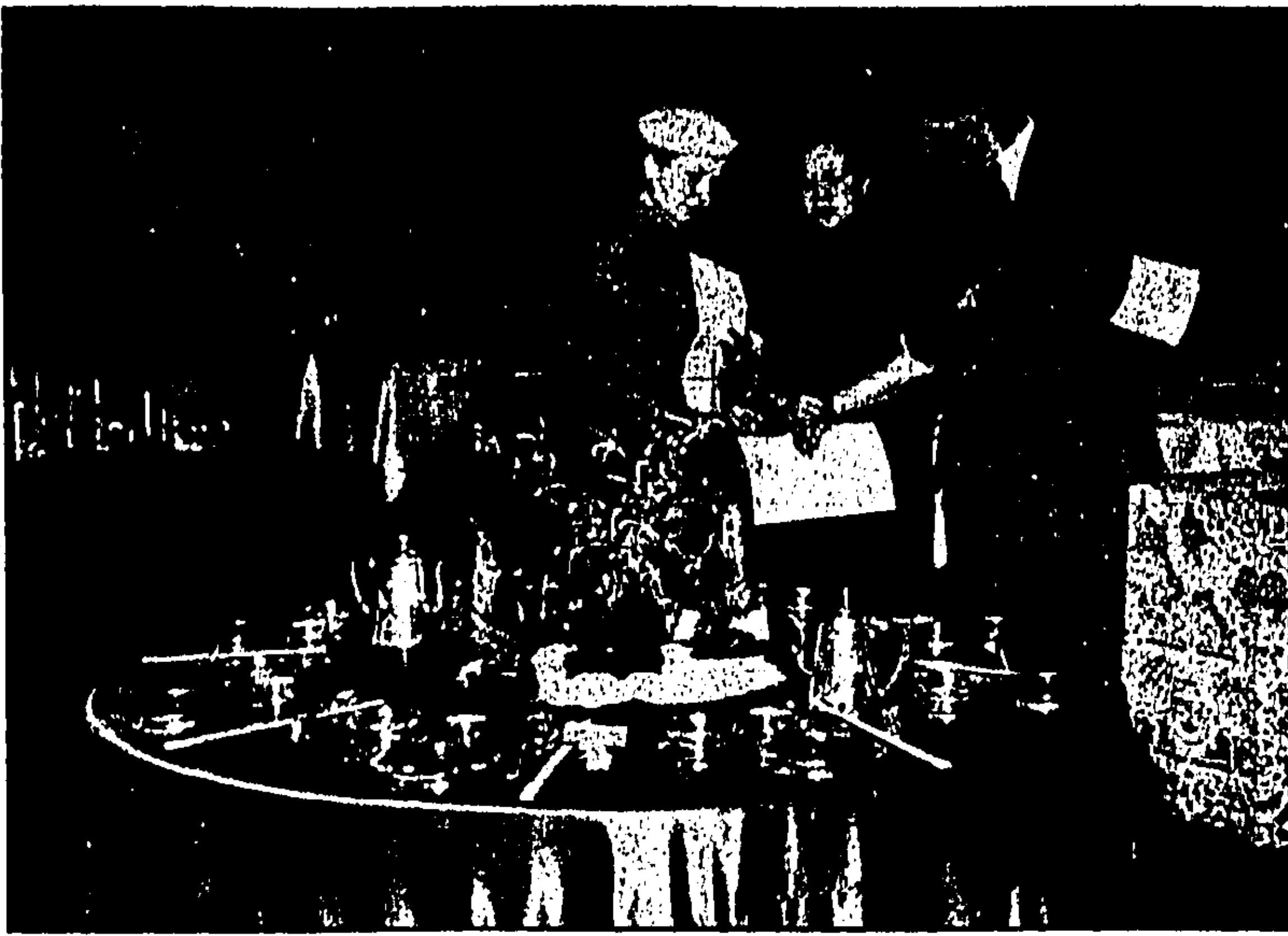


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HONGKONG



MRS Rachel Carr, Mrs Arthur Woo and Mr R. E. Deano, judges at the flower arrangement and table display at Government House on Wednesday, considering the merits of a Chinese table plan. The display was organised by the Women's Auxiliary of the Society for the Protection of Children. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Luba Alexander Skvorzov, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. V. Skvorzov, formerly of Hongkong, whose engagement has been announced to Mr Paul Huygelen of Malines, Belgium. Miss Skvorzov and her parents are in Scarsdale, New York, where the wedding will take place on April 7. She is with the United Nations Secretariat.



ELECTED this week to the Urban Council —from left: Mr Li Yiu-bar, Dr Woo Pak-foo, (Civic Association), Mr Philip Au, Dr Alison Ball, Dr Raymond Lee and Mr Chan Shui-sang (Reform Club). Left: Mr J. Aserappa, Returning Officer, announcing the official result after the vote-counting at 4 a.m. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM looking over exhibits after opening the exhibition centre of the second Festival of the Arts last Saturday. The Festival was ushered in by the Arts Festival Ball at the Peninsula Hotel, which attracted a large crowd. Below are two of the many excellent fancy dresses worn. (Staff Photographer)



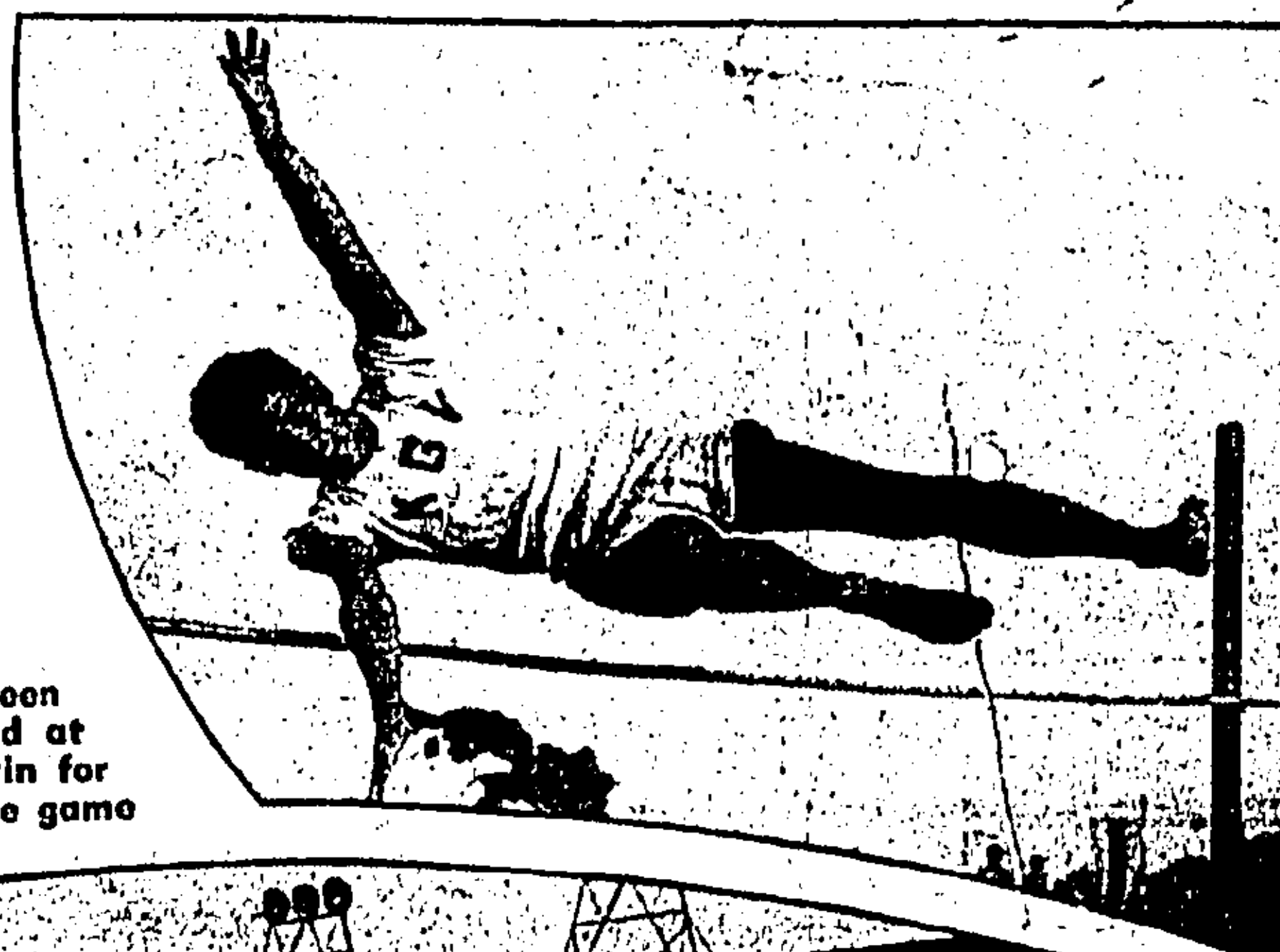
LEFT: Alumni of the Anglo-Chinese School of Singapore and Malaya who gathered at the Chong San Club here for dinner to mark Founders' Day. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Wedding at the Registry on Wednesday of Mr Maurice Andre Gensburger and Miss Evelyn April Sell. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Before the laying of the foundation stone of the Salvation Army's new Vocational and Youth Community Centre at Chuk Yuen, there were prayers said and hymns sung. The stone was laid by Mr D. Benson, third from right. (Staff Photographer)



A. SILVA, winner of the senior boys high jump event at the King George V School sports, gives a good example of the western roll as he clears the bar. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: The annual soccer match between Norwegian and Danish residents, played at Caroline Hill last Sunday, resulted a win for the Danes. Players snapped before the game as they exchanged gifts. (Staff Photographer)



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MACKINTOSH'S

MEMO TO MISS MEADOWS:

PLEASE SCRAP
A BATTLESHIP

This is what happens when it is announced
— as it was recently — that warships of
the Royal Navy are to be scrapped

By J. P. L. Malletieu, MP

I CAN see it now—the ship's company of HMS Marsden, still and unhappy on the quarter-deck, while the skipper tells them the news. "This ship, in which we have all served so long is now to be scrapped," he says abruptly. "Turn forward, dismiss!" The sailors shuffle away in silence and, two weeks later, as the sun vanishes into the sea and the White Ensign is hauled down for the last time, there is scarcely a dry eye.

It would be a moving scene if it were true. But it is not. A few days before the ship's departure, the men who sailed in her had gone to other ships, forgetful alike of her values and her years. For months, even for years, they have been a part of the life of the White Ensign, and now, through her last night as one of Her Majesty's ships, her "crew" would have consisted of the most of a single sentry, blowing on his fingers and longing for the morning.

SURPRISING

This is distressingly unsentimental and a little surprising. But it is even more surprising to find that among those in Admiralty—that most masculine of Ministries—who had a hand in the disposal of the Marsden, there were not only two north-headed Scots, Mr J. M. Mackay, head of the Military Branch, and Captain H. C. D. MacLean, RN, the then Director of Plans, but also an amiable woman, Miss Hilda Meadows.

Miss Meadows joined the Post Office 24 years ago, and in 1931 she transferred to Admiralty. For the past five years, as a Higher Executive Officer in the Fleet Section of the Military Branch, she has been one of the links between Whitehall and the ships at sea.

It seems ironic that this woman, who knows so many Captains and, through them, so many ships personally, should have a hand in the hard-headed dismemberment of those ships when their usefulness is over. But I find that her part in it is not so unsentimental as it sounds.

RESERVE FLEET

This is what happens. Subject to the financial and strategic policy laid down by the Government, the average life of a ship is likely to be about 20 years, of which, perhaps, five might be spent in the Reserve Fleet.

There, depending on the degree of wear and the amount of money that the Government is prepared to spend on the Navy, her life may revive from time to time. But in present conditions, at any rate, she is most likely to spend her last years inactive and silent except for the impersonal attentions of maintenance parties.

It is only when her life is nearly over that normally she becomes an object of interest to anyone again, and then the man who takes an interest in her is the Flag Officer Commanding the Reserve Fleet. He is asked from time to time to submit to Admiralty a number of names of ships for scrapping and this time, after considering her age, condition and class, he put Marsden on his list.

But his list was not the execution warrant. That can only come from their Lordships personally and the Government; and before they decide, many departments of Admiralty will have studied the Marsden to see whether or not, from their point of view, she should not be given a reprieve.

COLDLY

It is only when Captain MacLean and Mr Mackay, coldly and objectively, have considered all the objections, that she goes before the final court, and even when that court decides against her she is not yet dead. Arrangements must be made with the British Iron and Steel Corporation, who will in fact scrap the Marsden, through the Director of Contracts, who is responsible for the scrapping contract. A list is compiled by the Director of Dockyards of all usable equipment still in the Marsden, and, acting on this information, naval purities will descend on the Marsden to strip her of anything that the Navy might still want.

So there at last the Marsden lies, rusting and forlorn, so changed in outline now by the strippers that even her most passionate admirer would recognise her no more; and then the morning breaks when the White Ensign is hoisted no more, when the civilian shipkeepers climb aboard and light braziers on the deck, when the naval sentry blows on his fingers and marches off for the last time and the tug of the British Iron and Steel Corporation slowly drag her away from the Service which has been her life.

And yet she is not wholly dragged away. One of the people who sees that the usable equip-

ment in the Marsden is removed is Miss Meadows, and I would like to think that it is her mothering influence which ensures that the Marsden's badge of crest is preserved.

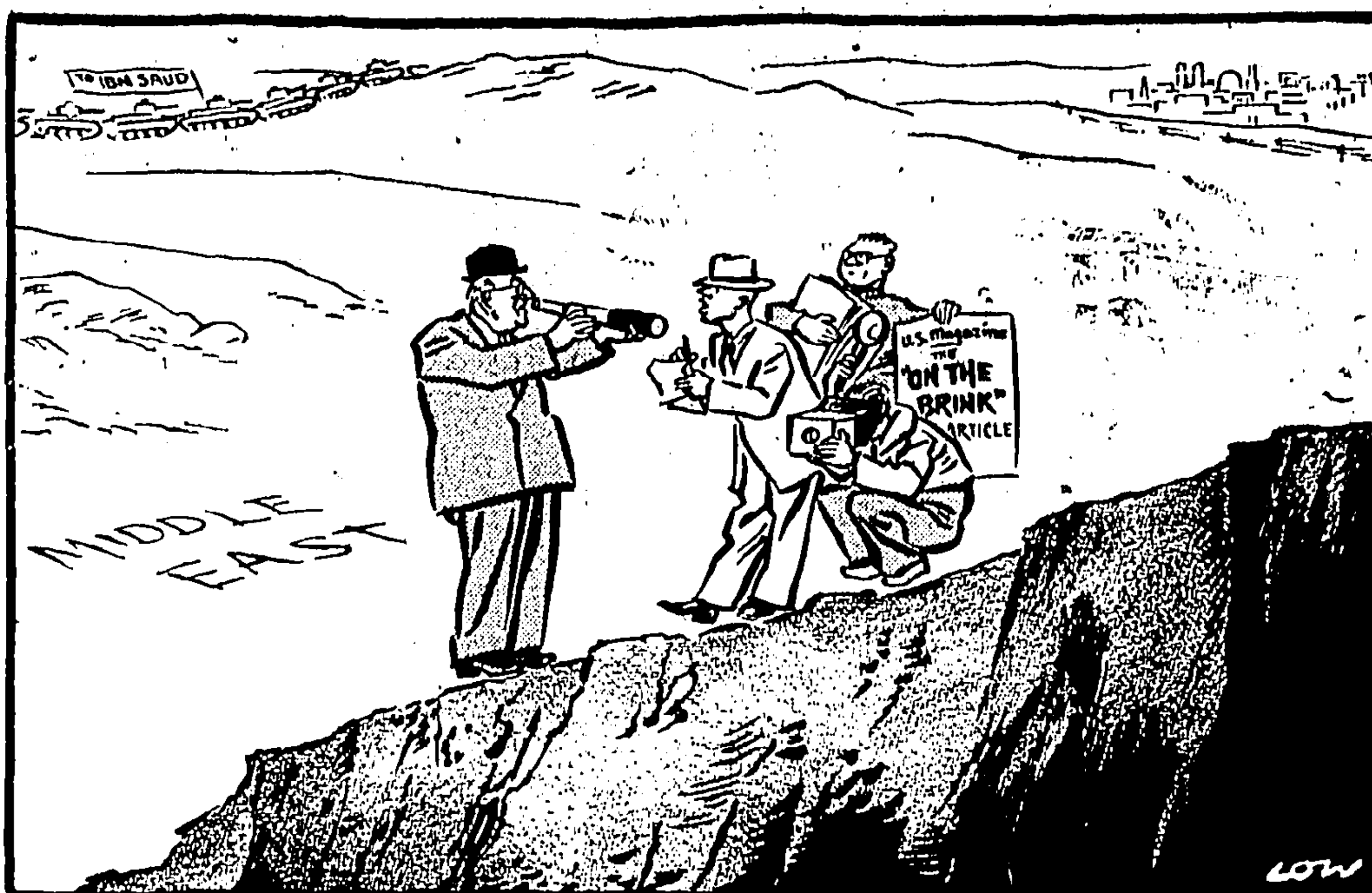
Some day that crest may go to a town or village which had adopted the Marsden, rather as the crest of HMS Nelson, on the 150th anniversary of Trafalgar, was presented to the church at Banhamthorpe in Norfolk where the great Nelson's father was vicar and where he himself was christened.

UNSENTIMENTAL

It may stay in store at Chatham in case, one day, as the Marsden is built for two unsentimental Navy ships to repeat its favourite name.

Either way, though the Marsden's metal turns matter in the steel furnace, one material reminder will remain of the ever-better made to the welfare of our people and the safety of our realm.

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"CARE TO ADD A NEW INSTALMENT, MR SECRETARY?"

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Night!—in the 'Naked City'



TICKET TO HOLLYWOOD No. 1

by
T. E. B.
CLARKE



East of Hollywood, T. E. B. Clarke is the most famous script writer in films. Now the Oscar-winning man who wrote the celebrated string of comedies that included "Passport to Pimlico" and "The Blue Lamp" is taking his passport west TO HOLLYWOOD, discovering America as he goes—and reporting his discoveries in his own acutely observant way for the China Mail. First: New York (once filmed as "The Naked City"). Time: Night. Action! on a U.S. "Blue Lamp" story.

This was some experience!

THE patrol car streaked across Broadway against the lights, siren shrieking, and pulled up outside a small dry cleaners in 40th Street. We tumbled out.

A white-faced woman, trying self-consciously to hide her shaking hands, described how, three minutes ago, she had been "stuck up" at the point of a knife by a hoodlum who had grabbed the contents of the till.

A neighbouring shop-keeper had chased him round the corner, "and then he kinda disappeared."

'MY CHANCE'

RADIO orders went out for police to surround the block while a lieutenant of detectives conducted a house-to-house search. He turned to me: "Care to string along?"

Would I! Six years ago, while scripting "The Blue Lamp," I had seen Scotland Yard at work; now, as a guest of New York, I was being offered an outstanding chance to compare experiences.

And this was some experience, . . .

We failed to uncover our man—"He'll come out when he thinks the heat's off and one of the boys'll grab him," said the lieutenant confidently—but we uncovered just about everything else: for it was a block abounding in low bars and flop-houses.

Imagine any purpose to which a brass-tailed bed can be put between the hours

of five and seven in the evening, and I'd be surprised if you could think of one we didn't strike.

The lieutenant was well satisfied, especially over the so-called "hotel" where the proprietor—an unmistakable "junkie" or drug addict—assured us that he had booked in only two residents.

THE 'TEC

DOUBTS of his good faith were justified by the search: we found nine rooms occupied.

"I'm going to be a popular guy with the Vice Squad when I report on that dump," said the lieutenant cheerfully as we drove away.

He indicated an apparent unshaken "bum" lounging in a dark doorway. "Glad to see Joe's on this job. One of the best men we've got."

I was to find that New York's detectives have a quite remarkable aptitude for merging their own unobtrusiveness into their varied background.

Attendees—Night Court—another unforgettable experience—it was often impossible to pick out captor from captive until one noticed the silver shield pinned to lumber jacket or ragged shirt.

'DICKS'

THOUGH some of the prisoners were accompanied by uniformed patrolmen, most of their escorts were gum-chewing "dicks" in every style of plain clothes from the blue dungarees of the longshoremen to the pale pin-stripes of the city slicker.

"We sometimes send the youngsters out as college boys," I was told. "Yeah, and police-women as schoolgirls with a

pile of text-books and little lousy-tail hairdos."

Night Court is for misdemeanours. To it goes every miscreant arrested in New York on a non-felony charge up to 11 p.m.—after first being "hooked in" at a precinct (or police station), identified by a green lamp over its main entrance.

Drunks, vagrants, gamblers, pimps, lighters, degenerates, "junkies"—from all areas they are swept after dark into the Criminal Courts Building like some roaring river of sewage.

The gowned magistrate, elderly and impassive, might be sitting at Bow Street except for the Stars and Stripes hanging behind him; but never at Bow Street was there such hustle as this. During the half hour I sat in Night Court more than 50 prisoners made their brief appearances.

Officially, a drunk or a "junkie" must not be arraigned until he is capable of understanding the charge against him; but under this sort of pressure there is some elasticity of opinion about his condition, and more than one staggering prisoner required the firm supporting hand of his escort.

RAVING

THROUGHOUT the court proceedings I was aware of a distant jungle-like roar. "Come and see the cells," invited the chief warder. "If," he added, "you've got a strong stomach."

I needed it. Here was a scene straight out of Hogarth. Three long corridors of green-barred cells, with eight or ten prisoners packed into each—shouting, cursing, singing, retching, sobbing or raving for "fixes." (A "fix" is a shot of heroin.)

Heaven forbid we are ever confronted in our own country with the kind of drug problem New York faces.

A February night, yet the atmosphere was stifling. "No air conditioning down here," said the warder. "You can imagine what it's like in summer. And this, by the way, is a quiet night. Fridays and Saturdays we have to pack 'em in like it was the subway."

A prisoner on a graver charge was brought up next day in Futony Court, but before going there he

makes an appearance in the morning "line-up" before an audience of detectives, one of whom may recognise him as a man already wanted for another offence.

"Line-up" puts one in mind of some macabre vaudeville show.

One by one the prisoners walk on to a brightly lit stage and stop at a microphone.

From the back of the auditorium they are questioned by an interrogator in a high chair.

"John, did you shoot and kill that woman?"—this to a tall, shuffling, expressionless Negro. "I did." No other word, no sign of emotion.

Next case. A Puerto Rican girl alleged to have been in possession of marijuana cigarettes. Not a single word from this one, just a scowl round the audience she couldn't see.

'NOT FAIR'

A HEAVY-EYED youth on a robbery charge protests against his identification parade. "It wasn't fair. All the others was nice clean boys. I was the only drug addict there."

A man in his forties on a burglary charge, flipping his arms like an agitated penguin as he denies his guilt—flipping them ever more wildly in vehemence, futile denial as a long list of previous convictions is read out. . . .

But what of the men who bring these charges? What kind of a guy is he who works under the sign of the green lamp—the New York "cop"?

The odds are that he is as Irish as the movies suggest—though there are "cops" here of every shade of colour. He is armed, of course, and he is tough—he has to be. But never once did I sense a suggestion of brutality in that toughness.

Forget those ideas of a third degree under a pitiless floodlight.

I can testify that there was no less patience, no more bullying, than I have seen in similar circumstances with our own C.I.D.

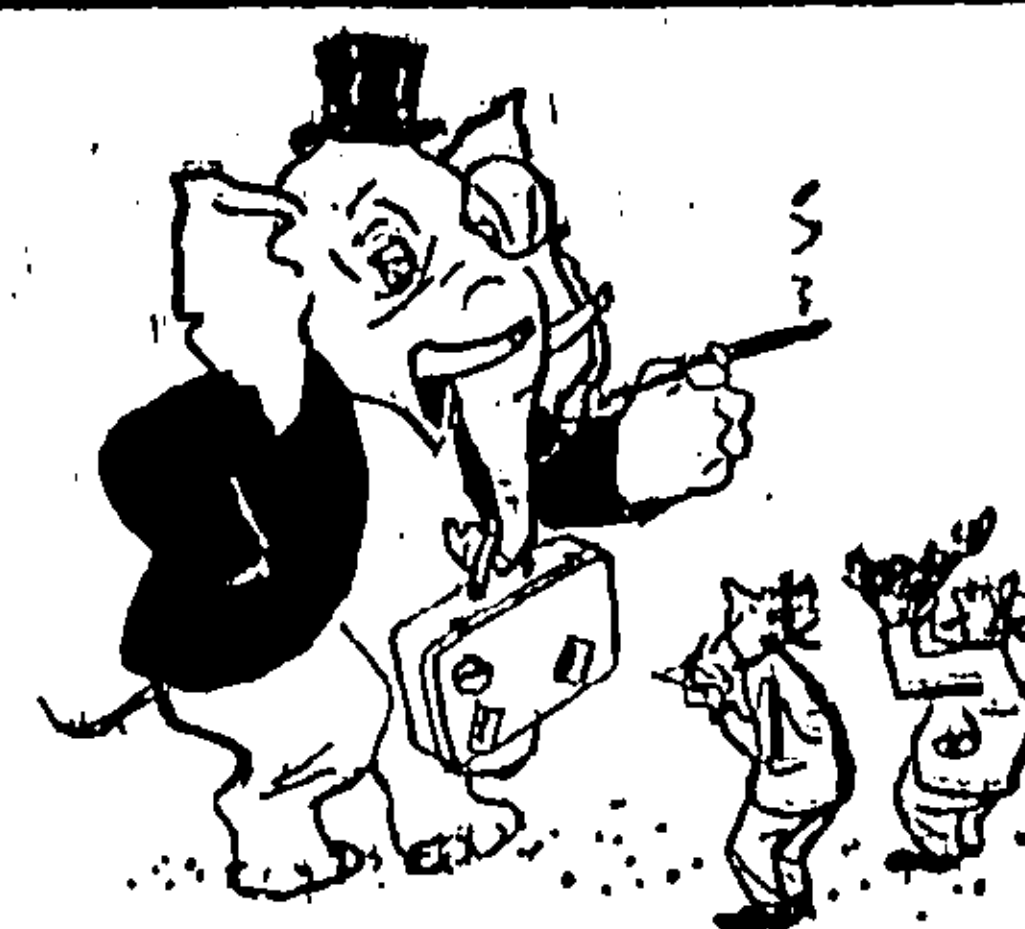
HOTHEADS

I WAS present when four suspects in a stabbing affray were being interrogated by the homicide squad—and they were under the impression at the time that I was one of the precinct detectives.

Many a prisoner was "the poor guy" to the policeman who arrested him.

The warders in that stifling hall under the Night Court spoke sympathetically about the majority of their charges.

"Drink and drugs are diseases with this bunch," Reckon



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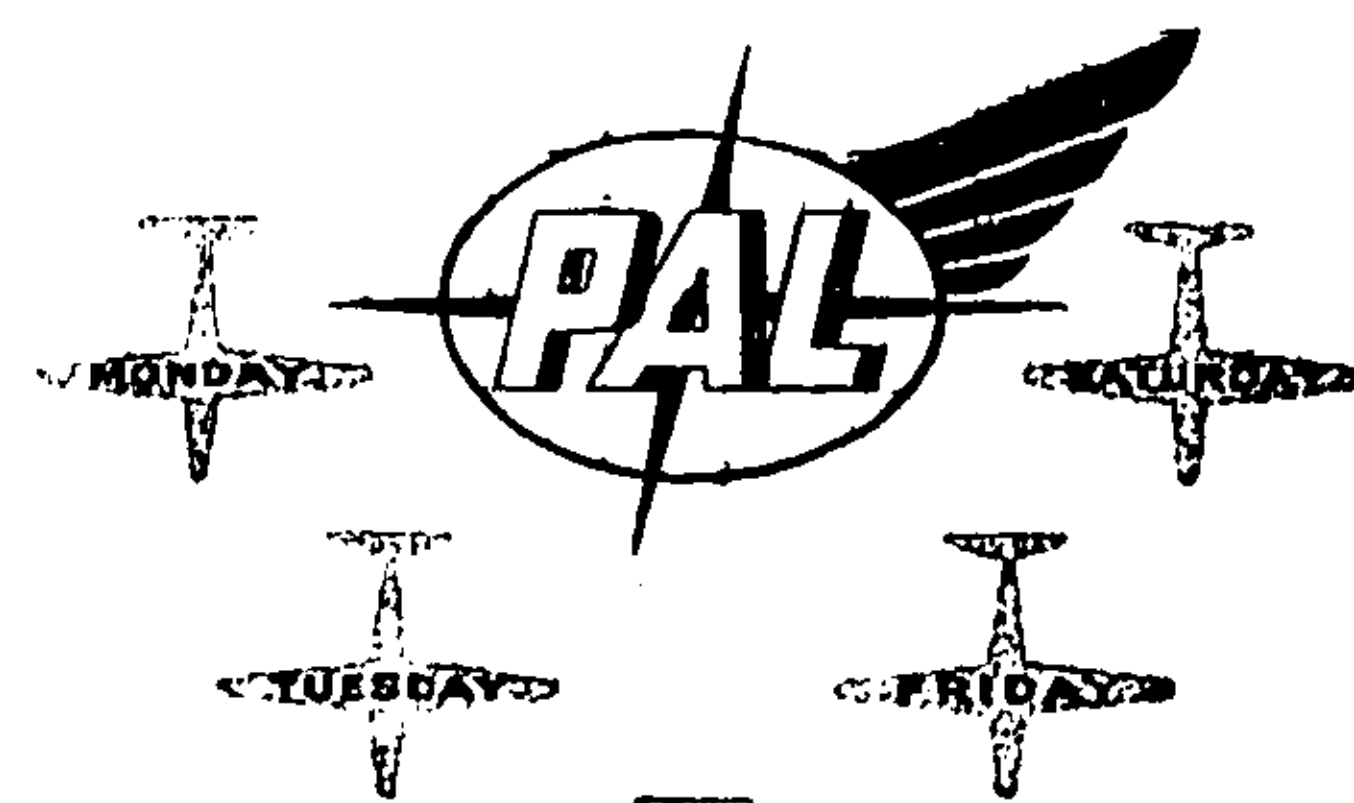
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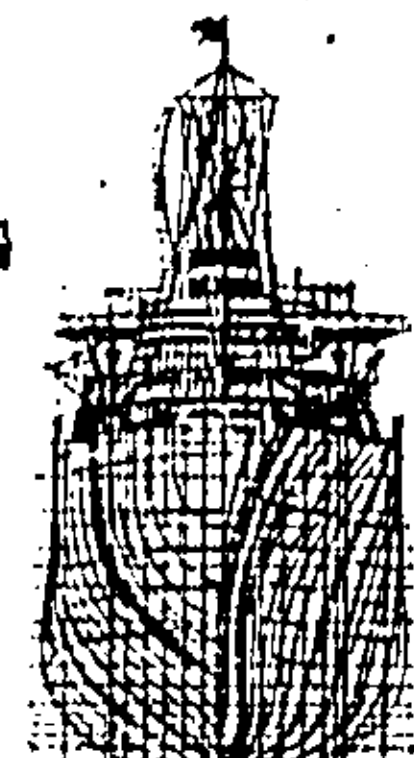
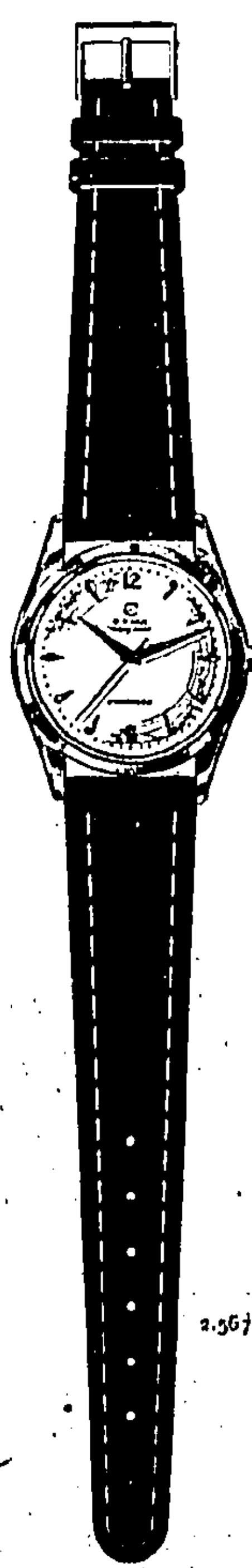
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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

"Lady Precious Stream" On The Air On Wednesday

The author of "Lady Precious Stream", Dr S. I. Hsiung, will himself play the part of the story teller in Radio Hongkong's Festival production of this 25-year-old classic which has been translated into almost as many languages as the works of Shakespeare.

The play has been adapted for radio, and is being produced by David Lytle, whose drama work is well known in Malaya where he has been responsible for the production of nearly 100 radio plays and 12 major stage presentations.

All the leading English drama groups are represented in the cast. The leading and title role of Precious Stream is played by Tilda Fenn, of the Stage Club, who also took a leading role in last year's Festival Radio Play—"The Fair Quaker of Deal".

Playing opposite her as Hsien Ping Kwei, the Gardner, is Ronald Dallas, who has a number of appearances in radio plays to his credit. Audrey Mendes, a professional actress who has appeared in many B.B.C. productions, plays the other woman, the Princess of the Western Regions. They are supported by a group of experienced local radio players.

An interesting feature of this production is the incidental music which was specially written for the play by William Rea, a young Irish composer who has had several works performed by the B.B.C.

He is at present the senior music assistant with the B.B.C. in Malaya, and his score was originally written for a performance of the play by that organisation. He drew his main inspiration from the music of Cantonese Opera, but contrived an arrangement that would be equally pleasing to occidental ears.

The 31 separate themes that are heard throughout the play have been recorded by a section of the Hongkong Concert Orchestra conducted by Victor Ardy. The Technical Assistant for this complicated production is Ronald Minshull.

"Lady Precious Stream" will be broadcast in two parts. The first—subtitled "The Embroidered Clasp"—can be heard on Wednesday evening at 9 p.m. Part two will be broadcast the following Wednesday at the same time.

Hongkong Choral Group

Another Festival offering in this week's programme from Radio Hongkong will be a selection on Monday evening at 9.30 from the Concert given by the Hongkong Choral Group, conducted by Elio Guadalupe, which was recorded at the Wah Yan College Auditorium.

All the items in this Concert are original compositions by Maestro Guadalupe. The programme begins with the Offertory—"Me Propter", which was written at the request of the Salesian Fathers. It is sung by the Choral Group and Orchestra.

Mezzo soprano Vera Rutledge-Jones then sings "Goli II tu flore" with words by Rabindranath Tagore.

An Opera, "Il Convitto" was written by Elio Guadalupe, and the lightest piece from it, a solo by Afro, an African slave, is sung in Monday's concert by Alexander Wong, tenor. The opera is in the Act II of "Il Convitto" is Helen Sun, soprano, supported by the ladies' choir and orchestra.

SPORTS

The Sport of Kings: Michael Bulmer for some years has been closely connected with the training of race horses. On Tuesday at 7.45 he will be giving the first of a series of talks in which he covers many different aspects of the art and science of race horse training.

The first talk will be concerned with bloodstock, and in later talks he will discuss racing under National Hunt rules, the training of race horses; what to do when you get to the races—or how to study form; jockeys and race riding, and in his last talk in this series he will describe the duties of the officials most closely connected with the sport. With the exception of the first talk—these talks will be on the air on Thursdays at 9 a.m.

Association Football: There will be no local football commentary this afternoon, but at 5 p.m. tomorrow you can hear a commentary by John

CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT

The focus of tonight's "Celebrity Spotlight" is on Sophie Tucker—the original Red Hot Momma. Born in 1893 in Boston, Sophie Tucker began to sing in her father's restaurant in Brooklyn, but later went into vaudeville where she very soon became a star.

Then at the age of 23 came the Ziegfeld Follies—and international fame. In her programme tonight at 9.30, "Cabaret Days", she introduces herself some of the numbers she made famous so many years ago, including the one always associated with her name, "Some of These Days".

The programme has been arranged by Aileen Woods.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second.)

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.35 MUSIC FROM THE PRO-GRAMME.
1.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB EIGHTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 10th and Sunday 17th March, 1956

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m., and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72011).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each per day and \$40.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 10th March, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to cancel any future from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, 5, D'Almeida Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 28th April 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

TOTALISATOR

Barkers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "All Out" signal has been exhibited.

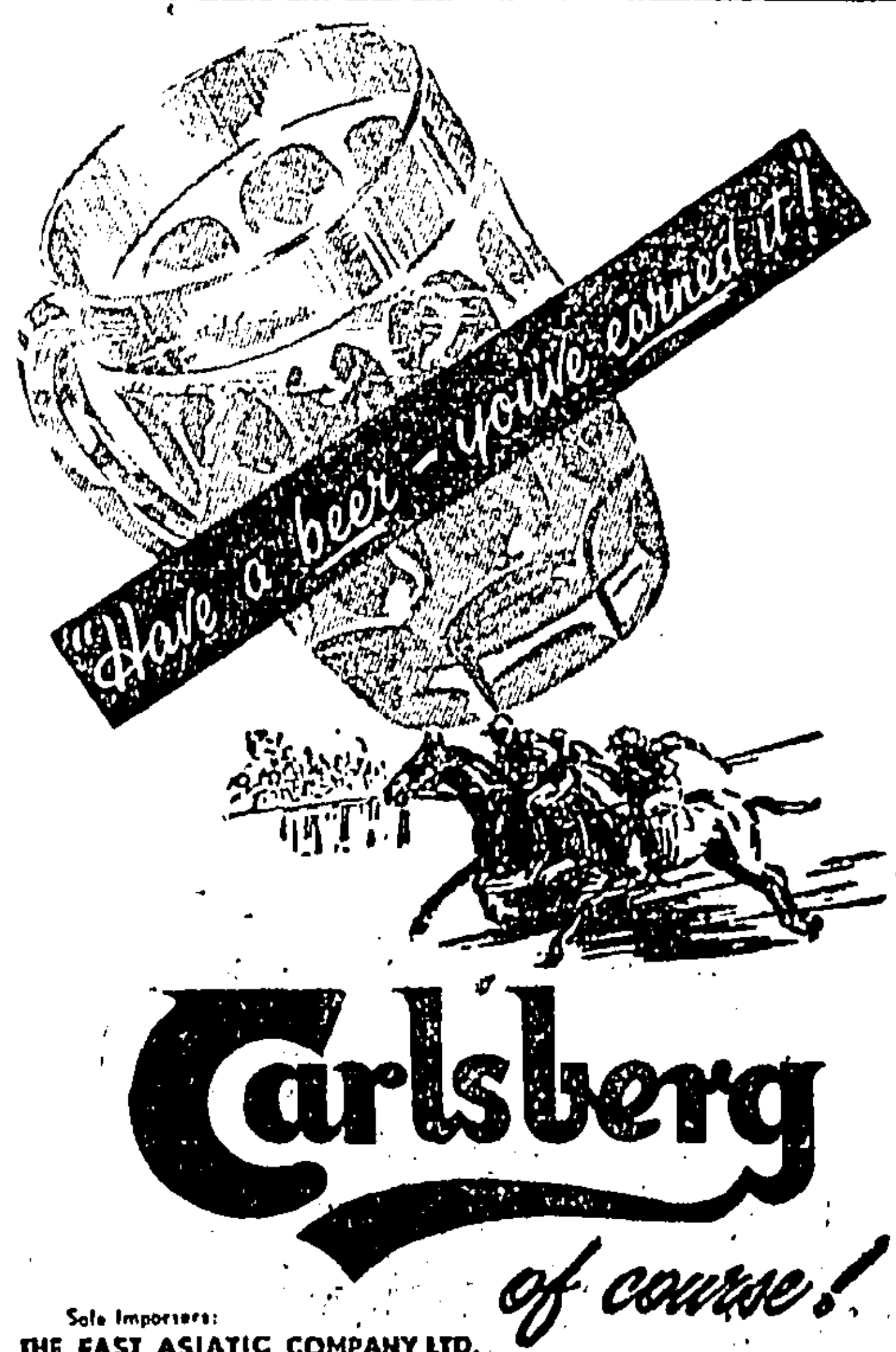
ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards.

A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.



Carlsberg
of course!

Sole Importers:
THE EAST ASIATIC COMPANY LTD.

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

(Signed)

THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

Club v. Army North Will Be A Battle To The Finish

Says "PAK LO"

This afternoon the Club have the chance to grab second place in the Hexangular Tournament by beating the Army North when the two teams meet on the Army ground in Boundary Street at 3 p.m.

This game should therefore attract the biggest number of spectators. With the Club only one point behind the Army side it will be a battle to the finish with no quarter asked or given.

Later in the afternoon, at 3.15 p.m., at Kai Tak, the IFAF clash with the Navy, which finally the all victorious Army South meet the bottom-of-the-table Police on the same ground at 4.30 p.m.

Before going on to the games themselves here is the latest on the Blarney Stone Sevens. The final count found 35 teams entered, and on Wednesday night the draw was made.

As was the case last year no seeding was attempted, and the games were as drawn from the hat. The rounds will be played on March 27, 28 and 29 with the finals taking place on Saturday, March 31.

On the 27th there will be seven games played off, the first starting at 4.30 p.m. and the others following in order at exactly 20-minute intervals. The first seven games are as follows:

4.30 p.m. Opposum "A" v RASC; 4.50 p.m. Police "B" v 3 Ind. A. O. T.; 5.10 p.m. Club "B" v Club Unopendables; 5.30 p.m. RAF Kai Tak v KGV "Old Boys"; 5.50 p.m. Old Crocks v Wayfong; 6.10 p.m. HMS St. Bridges Bay v Modeste; 6.30 p.m. Club "A" v Opposum "B".

As usual, with a fair entry, it is impossible to pick the likely winners until all the teams have been seen in action.

With these games in the background, not to mention the advent of the Australian Federation XV, it is hoped that the outstanding games in the Hexangular will be played off before the 17th.

This is rather a tall order for Army South who are three games behind, though they are making inroads into them by playing the RAF on Wednesday next, the 14th. This fixture is still waiting confirmation but it is highly likely it will be played during next week.

CLUB v. ARMY NORTH

Having at long last found a fairly settled back division, the Club are unlikely enough to be without the services of two of

their regular three line today. Both Ingis and Valentine are missing from the line-up. Without doubt the most missed will be Valentine, and as a result the Club backs at the time of going to press contain two A. N. Others.

The Army on the other hand are at full strength with Blincoe, apparently recovered from his eye injury of last week, again in the centre of the three line beside Moore.

The only change in the Army pack is the replacement of McAlister by Mitchell. This slightly weakens the Army North in the line, and it is here that the Club should shine.

In the lineouts the Club are fully capable of taking care of themselves, and their backs should see plenty of the ball. Whether the Club three will be able to do much with it against the strong tackling of the Army backs is rather doubtful, for without Valentine they have the spearhead of their attacks.

Robertson will find himself the main hope of the Club, and while he is certain to worry the Army defence, he cannot do everything.

In defence the Club are weak, and Moore will be the danger to the Club. With O'Keefe and Steward again combining well it is possible that the Club forwards will pull the game out of the bag, for though the Army should get most of the ball from the set scrums, the attentions of the Club wing forwards could easily upset them and change the game.

This looks on paper like a really tight game, but the Army should just pull it off by a very small margin.

RAF v. NAVY

The Almen, with Panther back in the pack, have a very strong fast set of forwards, but against the Navy pack may find themselves in trouble.

Certainly the RAF should win the lineouts, but the Navy should take the set scrums, and there is little to choose between the two teams in the loose.

Behind the scrums it is a different matter. The RAF are once more hard hit by injuries, incidentally RAF must have the biggest injured list of any team this season, and by their best men being shifted to other games as they would like to be.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Nationalities please of these sportsmen: Kiltone Lave, Kid Gavilan, Ben Hogan and Sandor Kocsis.
2. Put these World Heavyweight Champions in the order in which they won the title: Jim Corbett, Max Baer, Jack Dempsey and Primo Carnera.
3. How many times did Doris Hart win the Women's Singles title at Wimbledon?
4. Who is the only bowler in first class cricket to take more than 300 wickets in one season?
5. How many Heavyweight Champions of the World have there been since gloves were worn, 18, 28, or 30?
6. Which of these countries have never won the World Soccer Championship, Hungary, Italy or Uruguay?
7. Complete these fast bowling couplets: Lindwall and—, Tyson and—, Gregory and—, Larwood and—.
8. "Wolves attack Pensloners." What sporting fixture does this indicate?
9. What sports event would you be watching if you saw a "KX 140" competing against a D.B.2?
10. When did Jim Braddock win the World Heavyweight title and whom did he beat?

(Answers See Page 17)

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT RECENT HAPPENINGS KEEP BREWING UP INTO A NOT TOO PALATABLE MIXTURE

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

Several recent happenings in Colony football have been steadily brewing up into a potent and not very palatable mixture. The people who have been on the swallowing end are most unappreciative of their own particular ration and it could well be that the servers are going to hear a lot about their part in the affairs pretty soon.

My first item concerns the integrity of sportswriters. The members of the public are quick to form their opinion of a writer who is entrusted with the job of covering and reporting their favourite sport. It does not take them long to decide whether a man knows what he is writing about or whether he does not and similarly, if it is justified, they soon build up a certain faith in his judgment.

This faith is a writer-public relationship which much be guarded with jealousy and sincerity. Whatever his personal connections and commitments it is a writer's job to write, comment, criticise and praise impartially and solely on the basis of what he sees. It is quite impossible for him to do that, through someone else's eyes, however reliable he may consider the other individual to be.

It is strongly suspected in certain local circles that this type of second-hand reporting was practised recently. Officials of the two teams who were the subject of a scathing report are not satisfied that the writer, whose Nam-de-plume was used, was actually present at the game. It is believed that he made only a brief visit of a few minutes' duration mid-way through the game-part of that was during the interval and it is difficult to see how he was in any position to offer the comments which subsequently appeared under his name.

HEALTHY CRITICISM I am all for good healthy criticism no matter who or what is involved, but it must be honest comment based on first hand opinion. No writer, however accomplished he may believe himself to be, can lend his name to the judgment of someone else. There is no hidden proxy in sports-writing—particularly in sports reporting—and anyone who seeks to practise a second-hand service is unworthy of his task.

From time to time one hears it said that our referees are often criticised unjustly. It was said once again by a councillor of the HKFA earlier this week. No doubt there are occasions when this is so, but I am sure the few football followers who agree with the fewer officials would claim that the criticism is always without foundation.

A fellow columnist this week raised the vexing question of the criticism of the officiating referees by his inactive colleagues sitting on the sidelines. I agree wholeheartedly with the writer that such behaviour is to be deprecated. By all means criticise each other within the confines of the regular meetings of the various Referees' Associations, but the third of the wise monkeys gives the correct advice about public comment.

However, it seems that not only are some of our referees critical of the work of their colleagues, but according to very reliable reports, at least one of them has been guilty of a display of gross bad manners to a colleague.

At a recent Senior League game an official of the HKFA found out that one of the linesmen who had been nominated for the match was unlikely to be available. In order that there should be no hold-up, the FA official asked a well-known referee to stand by to take over one of the flags.

ORDERED OUT The gentleman so approached willingly agreed to do so, but when he first went into the dressing room he was virtually ordered out by the referee.

Later the referee stated that he did not wish to work with this particular linesman and asked for a Class One referee to run the line, and what is more he got it. An official was brought from the spectators in the ground to take over.

Just to keep the facts straight let me say that the rejected official is at the moment a Class Two referee of considerable experience whose recommendation for upgrading to Class One had already been forwarded to the appropriate authority, and there is very little doubt about it being accepted.

He is a competent and courteous official whose work in every sphere of Colony football has been the subject of favourable comment. It is only five goals to his credit all season.

Contrast in fortune of two players of the same name, but unrelated, Bill Sowden, Chesterfield centre-forward, is having his best season and has scored 22 League and Cup goals to date. Paddy Sowden, Gillingham centre-forward, has not scored since early October, and has only five goals to his credit all season.

There is an interesting programme of games this week-end. The full schedule is as follows:

Today: Club v. KMB at Causeway Bay; RAF v. CAA at Boundary St.

Tomorrow: Eastern v. Kitchee at HK Stadium; Navy v. Police at Causeway Bay.

THE NAME'S THE SAME

Contrast in fortune of two players of the same name, but unrelated, Bill Sowden, Chesterfield centre-forward, is having his best season and has scored 22 League and Cup goals to date. Paddy Sowden, Gillingham centre-forward, has not scored since early October, and has only five goals to his credit all season.

GOALS GALORE East Hill FC's two eleven ran into a goal storm recently. The first team lost 11-0 and the second team won 11-0. In the second team game Tommy Walker of Hull Marine scored seven goals.

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at Causeway Bay; St Joseph's v. Kwong Wah at Boundary Street.

All games start at 4 p.m. The main attraction is the meeting of Eastern and Kitchee in the pre-view of the Senior Shield Final. Eastern need every point and they will spare no effort to strike a double blow in this game. Kitchee have often disappointed, but they still have many fine players and with Lau Kai-chu in goal form they could cause an upset.

but I don't think they will. Eastern will not give an inch of ground and I take them to win. In the other games KMB, RAF, and Kwong Wah should collect two points although the Saints will make things difficult for Kwong Wah.

Navy and Police may have to be content with a point apiece when they meet at Causeway Bay tomorrow.

Arthur Ellis
(World No. 1 Referee)

Opens Up His Soccer School

You might imagine that a throw-in is just about the simplest thing a footballer can do.

After all, he has to stand with both feet on or behind the line and deliver the ball from behind his head. Nothing very complicated about that.

But footballers can make it complicated—for the referee.

In one match between Sheffield Wednesday and Bolton Jackie Sewell (now with Aston Villa) and a Bolton wing-half were racing for a ball in a kicking tackle at the touchline. Down they went. Out went the ball.

It hit the railings around the ground, bounced back to Sewell, who was sitting on his bottom on the grass verge.

Play into his hands went the ball, and quick as a flash, from a kneeling position, Sewell threw it in.

It went to Shaw, his centre-forward, who raced on in a very good position. But I stopped it. Jackie Sewell was indignant. He said: "I was behind the line. I threw the ball in properly, from behind my head. I didn't break any rules!"

He was quite right, of course. But I told him: "Sorry, Jack, but it was too ridiculous. You are bringing the game into disrepute."

I felt that if I had let that go, why, they might have started taking throws-in while sitting on the boundary wall!

HOLTON DISASTER You just can't keep "Shack" out of these stories. I did a match at the Bolton disaster, when part of the terracing was still roped off. Len Shackleton was playing for Bradford Park Avenue.

The ball went out into the vacant terrace. Shack chased after it, off the field, across the track over the wall. And he promptly took the throw-in from 10 yards up on the terrace!

It was a good throw-in, too, but I had to stop him. These things could make the game farcical.

REFS DON'T MAKE THE SOCCER LAWS Referees don't make the laws of the game. They merely administer them. But they also have to interpret the spirit of the game, which is often difficult, and always very difficult.

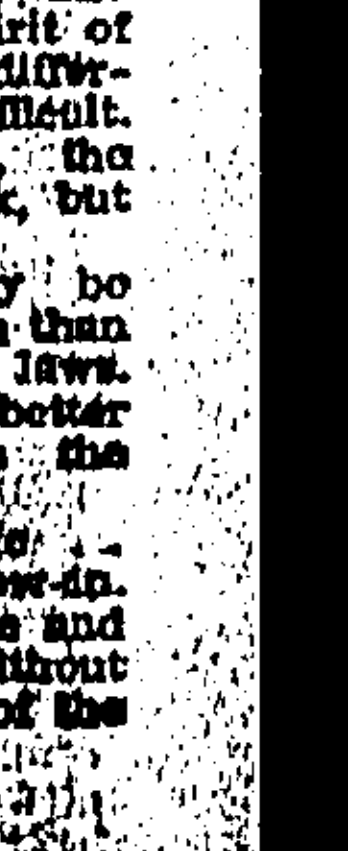
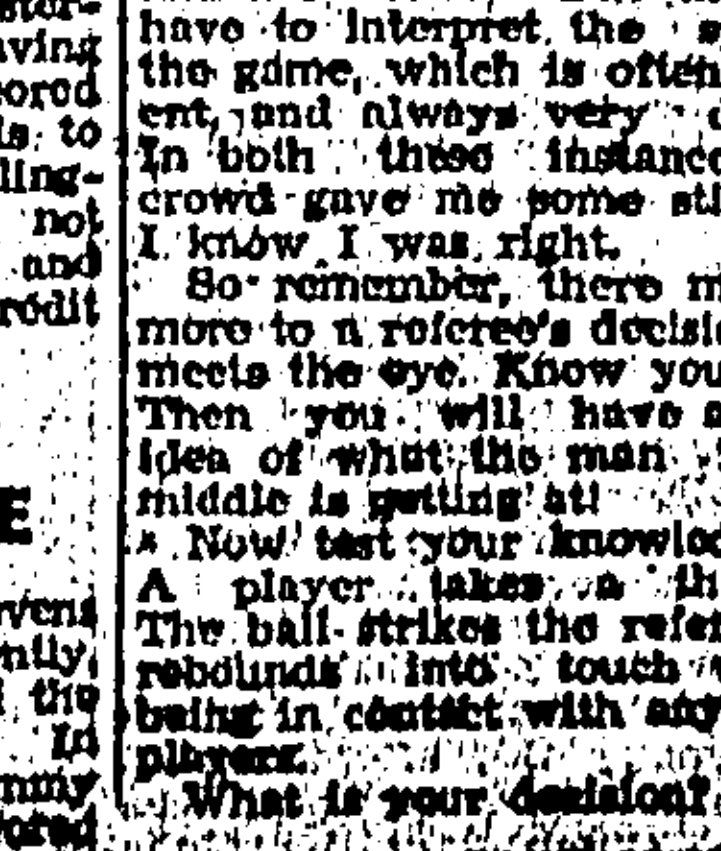
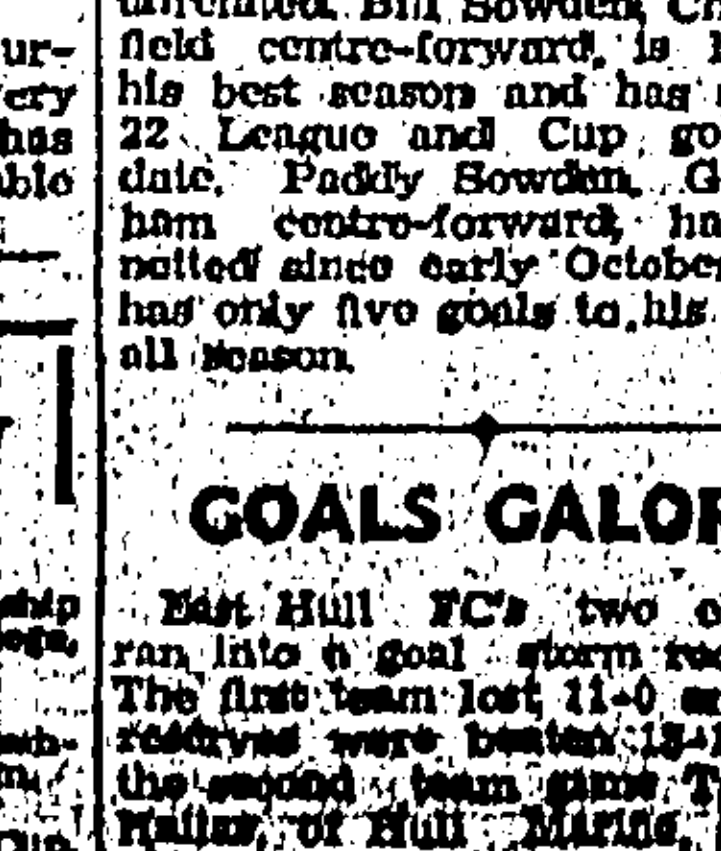
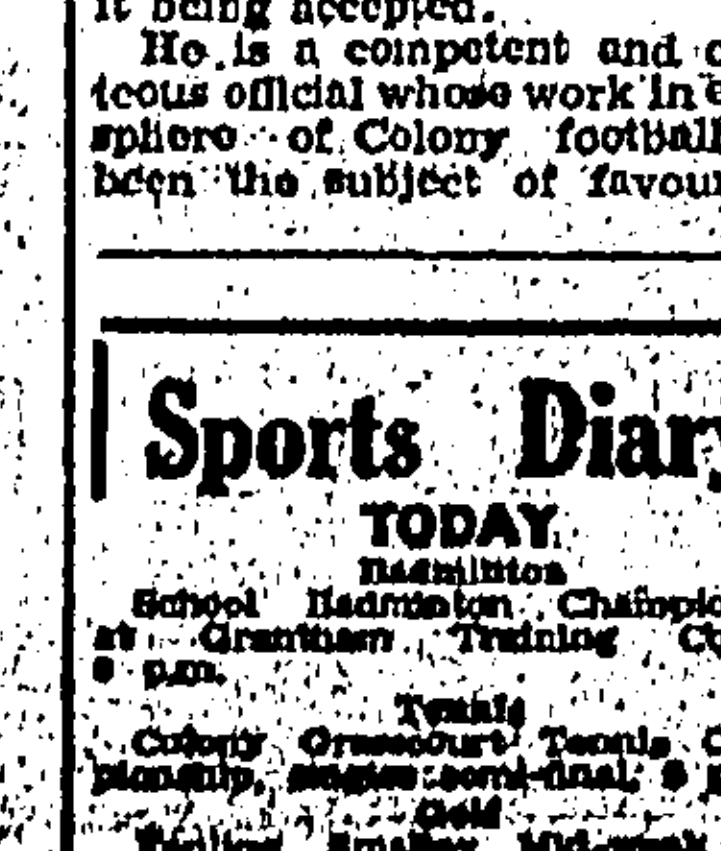
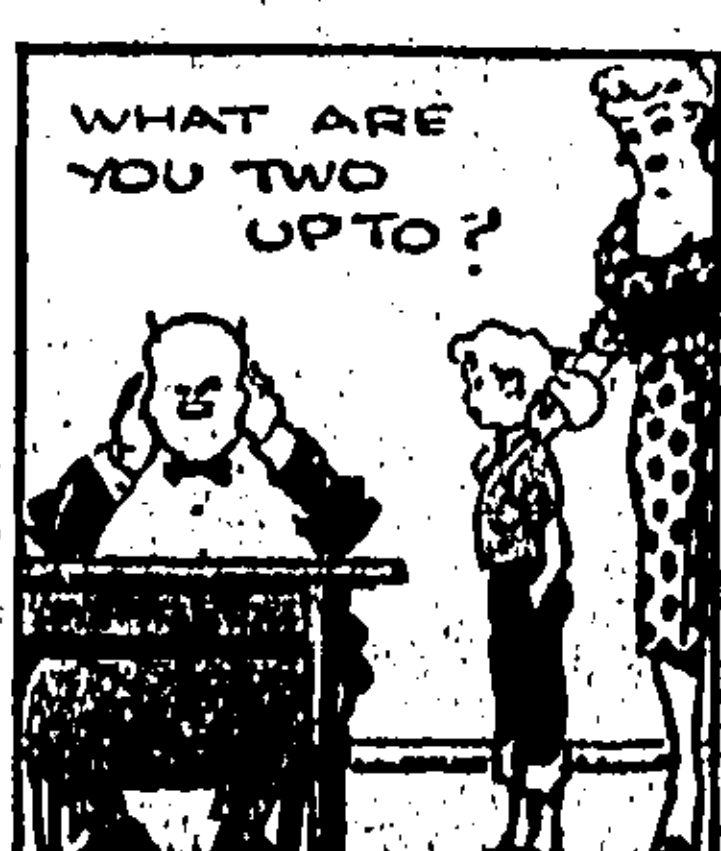
In both these instances the crowd gave me some stick, but I know I was right.

So remember, there may be more to a referee's decision than meets the eye. Know your laws. Then you will have a better idea of what's right in the middle is getting it!

Now test your knowledge. A player takes a throw-in. The ball strikes the referee and rebounds into touch without being in contact with any of the players.

What is your decision? (Answers See Page 17)

POP



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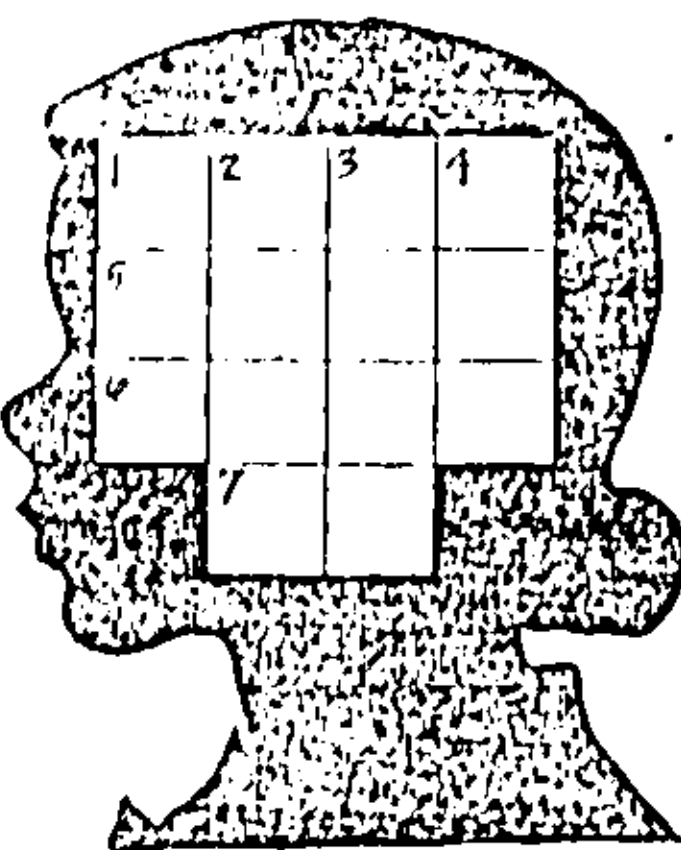
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

The Puzzler has not some-thing in today's crossword which lies on the silhouette of a girl's head.



ACROSS

1. A small, round, hard, brown, sweet, fruit.

DOWN

1. A small, round, hard, brown, sweet, fruit.

DIAMOND

1. A small, round, hard, brown, sweet, fruit.

HIDDEN GIRLS

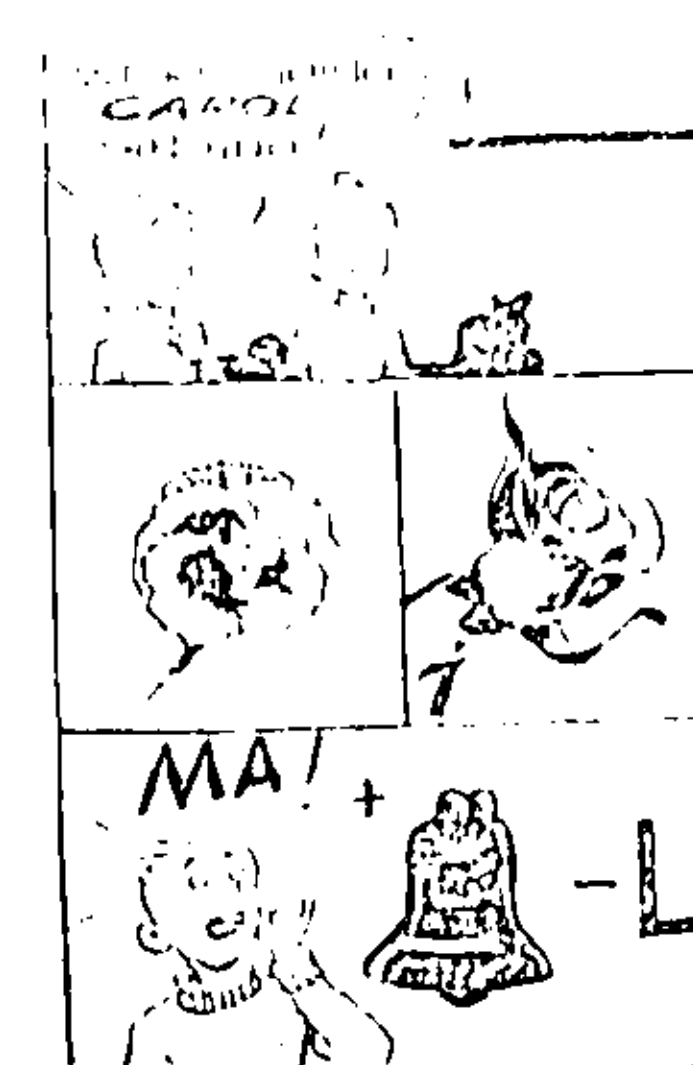
You'll find a girl's name hidden in each of these sentences. Can you pick them out?

BACKWARD GLANCE

If you have any trouble finding out the following sentence, try reading it backward.

GIRL REBUS

The Puzzler has a rebus for you. Can you pick them out?



(Solutions on Page 20)

HUSKS HAVE MANY USES FOR INDIANS



TODAY'S western Indian never throws away a cornstalk or a cornhusk. If he follows the ancient customs of his people, all parts of useful objects can be made from them.

Following an old recipe, he can concoct a lotion from the crushed cornstarch. This is excellent for healing a cut or a bruise. Then it can be wrapped in a clean, dry cornhusk bandage.

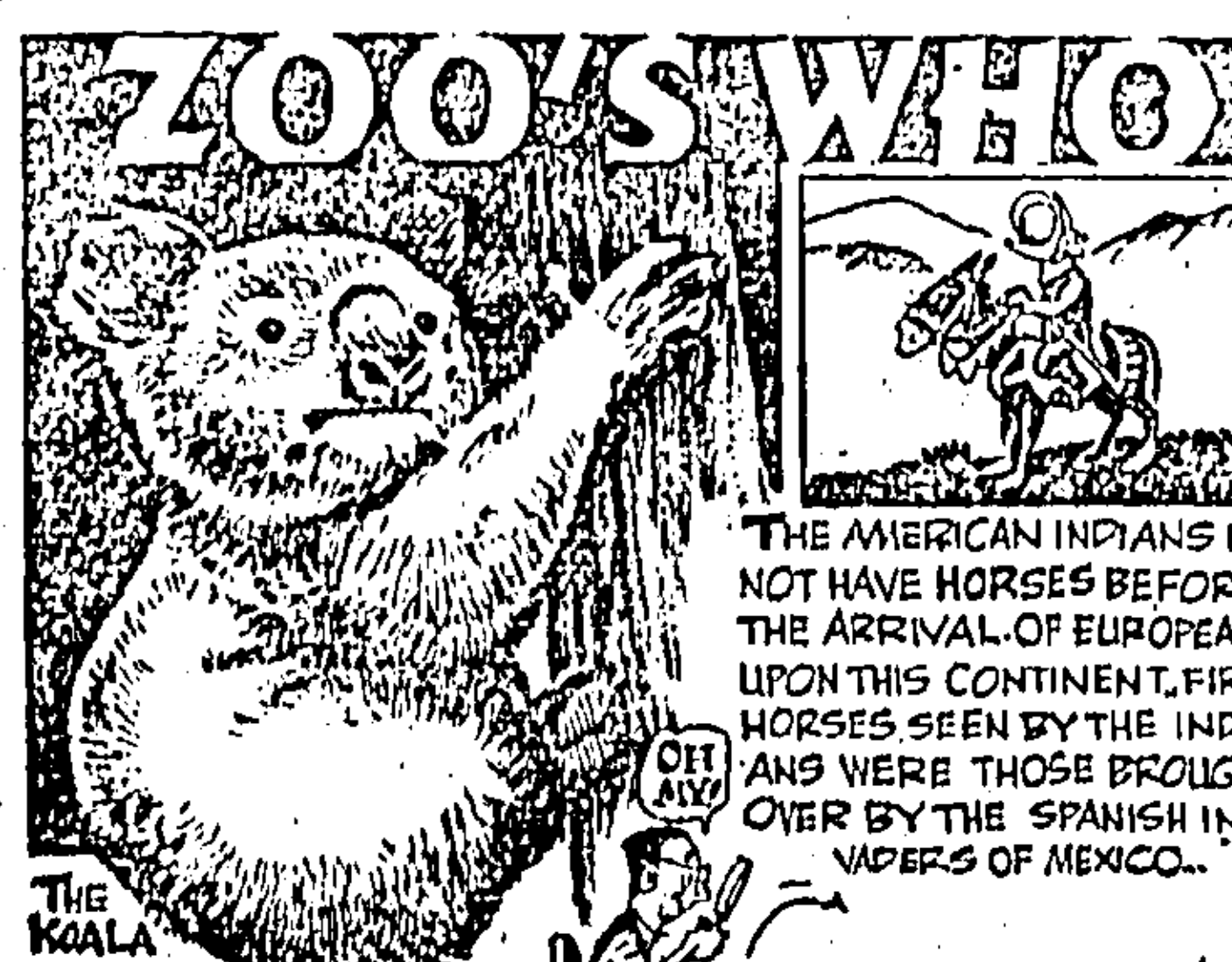
Before the white man introduced matches in the west, single cornhusks were twisted into thin lamp-lighters which were carried a short distance from one fire to light another. These were also used as kindling to nurse the spark from a fire drill into flame.

Women also braided them, in order to construct clotheslines.

They also use the husks for making braided babies' hammocks, which are hung over trees. Sleeping platforms of reeds are woven out of husks for summer wear. Mats to sleep on are made from braided husks. Doormats are constructed in the same fashion.

Old men still make pipe bowls from cornhusks. They're excellent for hand brushes and back scratchers too. Women use them for scrubbing, and when they're well dried, they are burned to make the fires for smoking fish, meat and hides. They are also utilised in the drug of clay pots.

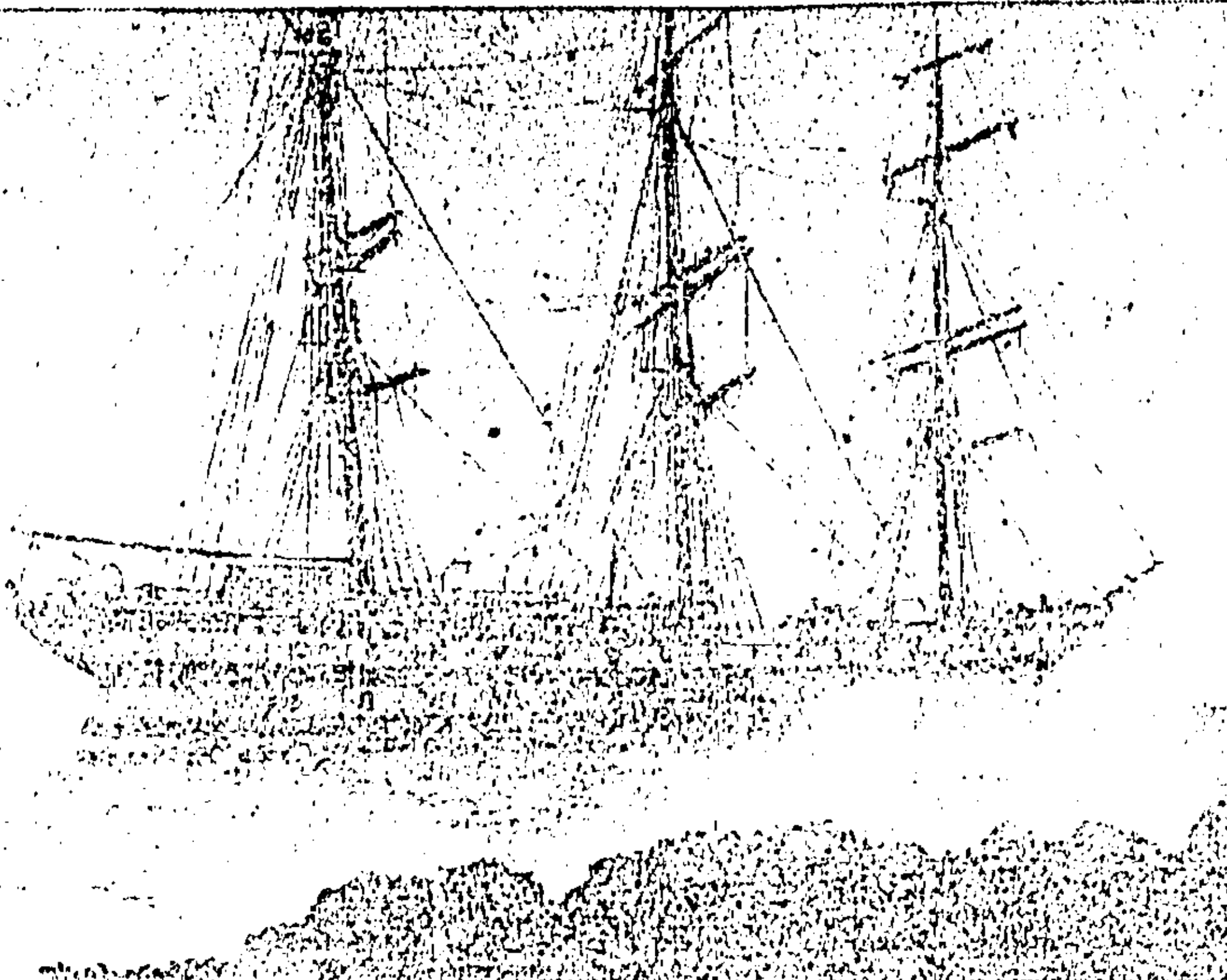
Many mothers also like to have a few husks of corn handy in order to construct a quickie doll for a greedy child. By twisting and folding the strands into a head, body, arms and legs. But such a little dolly never has a face. If it did, according to an old superstition, it just might turn into a real live person.



THE KOALA BEAR IS AN ANCIENT ANIMAL AND OWING TO A PRIMITIVE DIGESTION CAN ASSIMILATE NOTHING EXCEPT THE LEAVES OF SOME TWELVE VARIETIES OF EUCALYPTUS TREES.

THE FLEA POSSESSES THE GREATEST JUMPING ABILITY OF ANY ANIMAL. IT CAN JUMP A DISTANCE OF 200 TIMES ITS OWN LENGTH.

MANY AN ANCIENT SAILING SHIP BROKE UP ON HATTERAS.



Modern Scientific Inventions Have Brought Many Changes To Cape Hatteras Which Used To Be

The Graveyard Of Ships

OFF the coast of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, lie the remains of 2,500 ships, victims of a constant battle of the warm Gulf Stream with cold North Atlantic Current. The area is sometimes called "Hurricane Junction."

Cape Hatteras is on Hatteras Island, which is 43 miles long but very narrow.

The old lighthouse at the cap, which warned many ships in earlier days that there were approaching dangers, is now preserved as a national monument. The danger of the lighthouse have been taken over by a higher, more modern one some distance away, and ships are also warned of danger by a light-ship which is anchored about eight miles off the coast.

MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD

Until the Coast Guard assumed guardianship of this region, almost every storm brought a wrecked ship.

Salvage was the principal means of earning a living for the residents of the island. In fact, the houses, churches, and business buildings are built from the timbers from wrecked ships and the furniture in

many of them came from the cabins of the ships. Even the people who live on the island are descendants of men who were crew or passengers of the wrecked ships.

Nowadays the Coast Guard keeps a careful watch over the ships that do come to an end here. The cargo is brought off the vessels under their supervision, and auctioned to the highest bidder.

It is easy to see why the Coast Guard is so careful. The cargo is brought off the vessels under their supervision, and auctioned to the highest bidder.

Some of the early islanders were a bit of a joke. They were called "Hatteras" after the island.

They were called "Hatteras" after the island.

NAG'S HEAD

Because of this pirate-like practice, one of the villages on Hatteras Island is called Nag's Head.

Not surprisingly, with the help of radar and other modern navigational aids, ships are no longer in danger of being wrecked here.

That history includes many things you have read about—the Wright brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk, which is on Hatteras Island, the work of the "Mentor" after her duel with the "Neptune," and the activities of Blackbeard, the Pirate.

METEORITES, NATURE'S SPACE TRAVELLERS

A METEORITE is a small, solid mass that has wandered among the stars for perhaps millions of years and finally landed upon our earth. It is called a meteor before it lands, while its light emblazons the sky.

There are three kinds of meteorites: the nickel-iron, the stony, and the stony-iron.

A meteorite falls to earth because it contacts the earth's atmosphere and gravity draws it earthward. The friction of travelling at terrific speed through our atmosphere causes its fiery appearance. If and when it strikes the earth, most of its heat is dissipated.

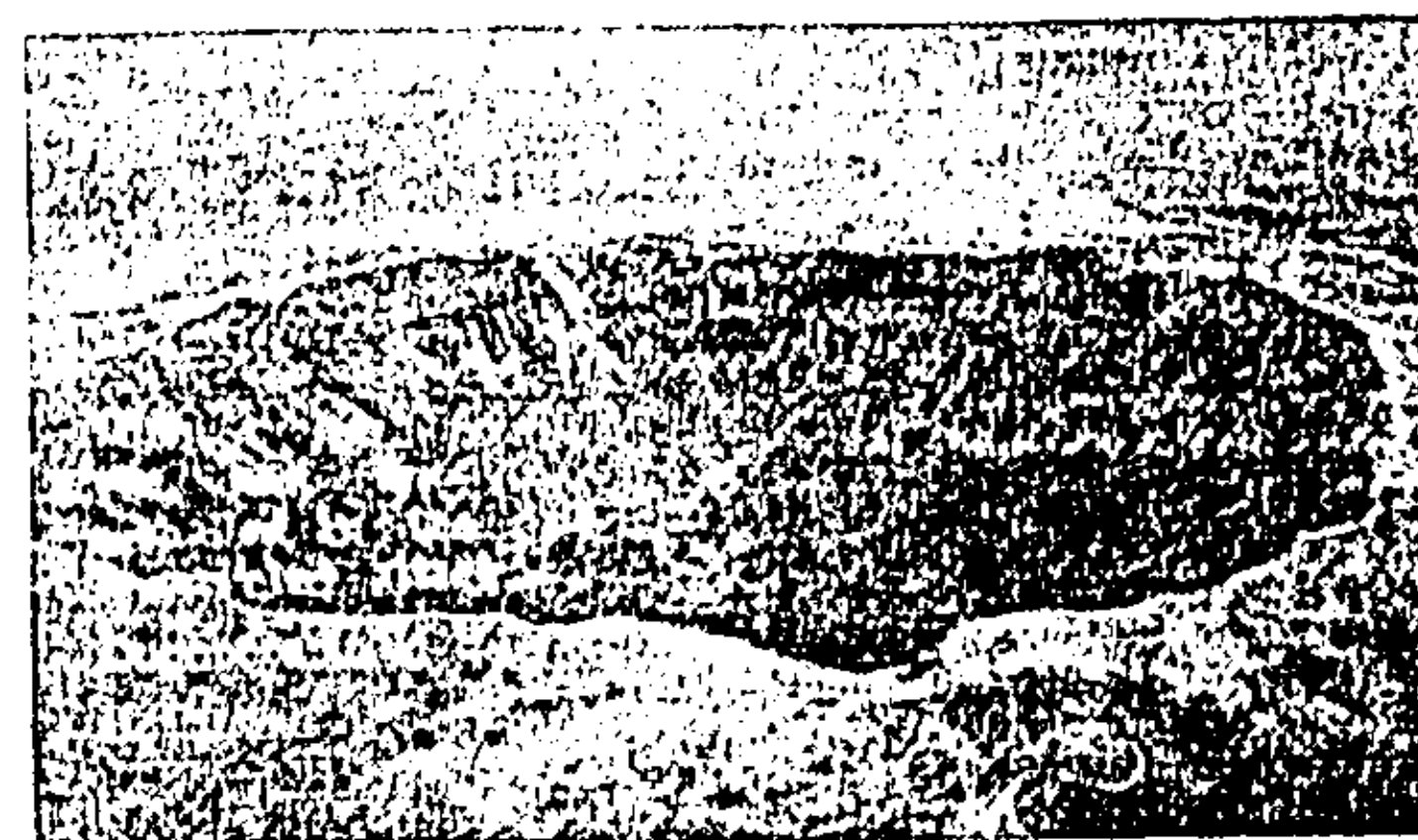
SHOOTING STARS

Newly fallen meteorites are black on the outside although they may be greyish inside. Old, weathered ones are usually rusted.

A million small meteorites hit our atmosphere hourly and are consumed by friction. These are the shooting stars we see. Few reach the earth.

There is evidence that a few prehistoric meteorites once scarred the earth. One in recent times did considerable damage in Siberia. And in 1964 a small one came through the roof of a house in the United States and hit a woman. But the chance of a meteorite hitting a house or person is only one in millions.

"Meteorite Crater (see picture) in Arizona was made by a nickel-iron meteorite that ex-



ploded there around 20,000 to 50,000 years ago. The crater is about a mile wide. Its bottom covers 40 acres. The ridge around it is about 200 feet high and a half mile wide.

It is believed that when the meteorite exploded, it vaporized and metallic droplets scattered over the ground. Millions of these hardened droplets have been found over an area of 100,000 miles around the crater. Each meteorite has its own individual pattern. These patterns are called Widmanstatten figures, and can be seen when the meteorite is treated with acid. When a meteorite explodes, each fragment can be identified by its pattern as belonging to that meteorite fall.

In the Arizona meteorite fall and a small one in Russia, low-grade diamonds have been found. These are of no commercial value, however.

UNUSUAL MINERALS

Traces of platinum, copper, chromium and cobalt have been found in the Arizona meteorite fragments, and two minerals not found elsewhere on earth—schröterite and cohenite. Arizona's crater was first studied extensively by Dr. D. M. Barringer and it is sometimes called the Barringer Crater.

In 1923 Dr. H. H. Nininger (pronounced N-in-ger) took up the work and later established the Arizona Meteorite Museum

Bustling Miniature Cities Lie Underground

"NATURE is most marvellous in the smallness of her creatures," a great Swedish scientist tells us.

This certainly seems true, for the life story of the tiny ant seems like a fairy tale. After a lifetime study of the ant many scientists have found it difficult to believe that the insect cannot reason, so great is its wisdom.

There are more than 3,000 species of these little insects in the whole world. The most commonly seen are the black and the red ants. They have a very slender waist, six legs, and two long slender antennae. These antennae wave back and forth as the ants move.

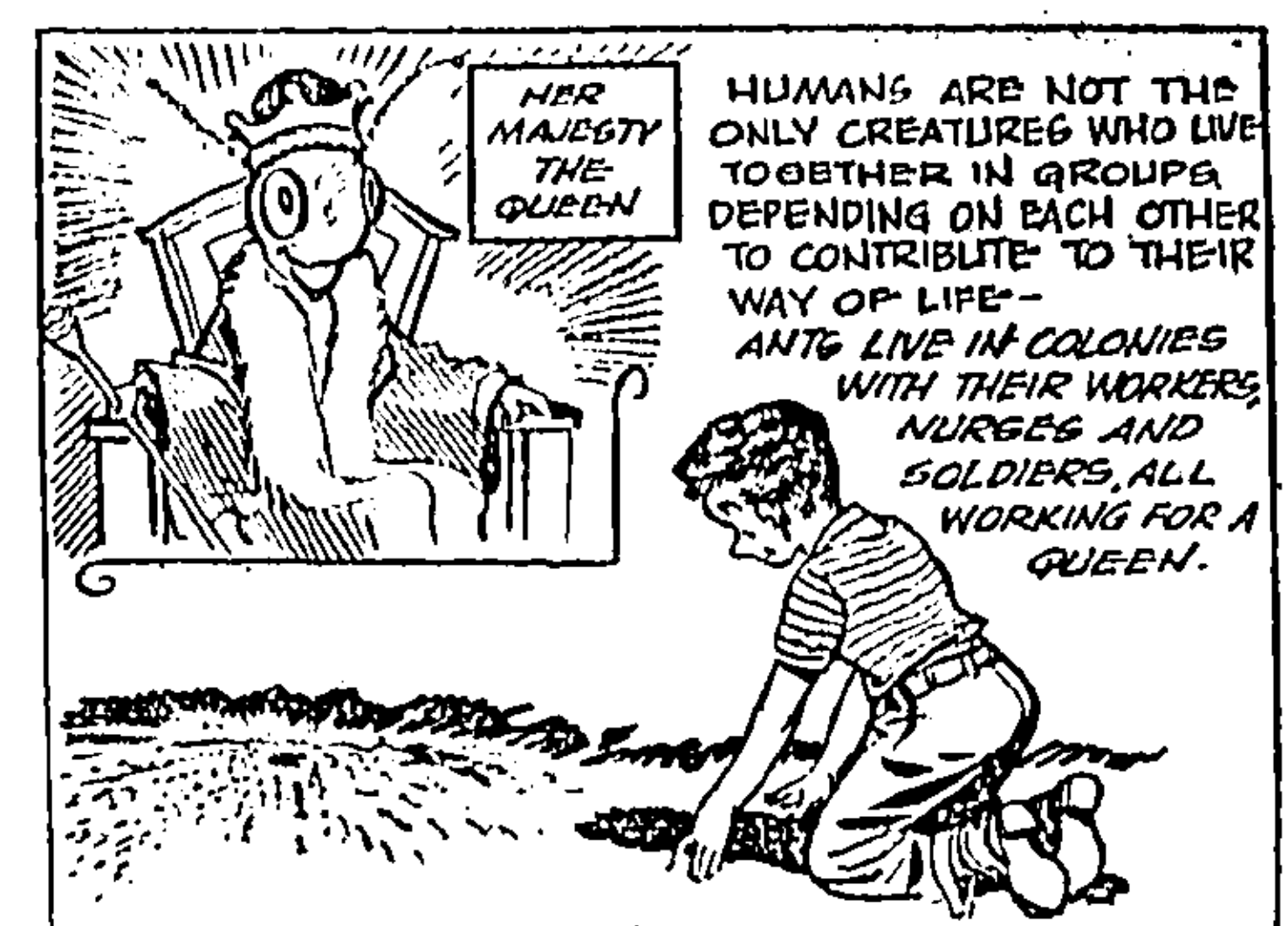
All ants live together as a colony, sometimes hundreds of thousands in a colony.

These colonies are organized very much like nations. They have queens, wingless workers, and nurses, winged males and females. In some of the colonies the workers are divided into two groups, the large workers, and the soldiers. The duty of the soldiers being, of course, home defence.

Ant colonies all begin the same way. A female leaves her home community at swarming time and lays her eggs. These eggs hatch into maggots.

The mother ant feeds the youngsters from her body until they spin their cocoons. After several weeks they come out in three sections and become the first workers ants of the new colony. They take care of the queen so that all her time can be spent laying eggs.

Since this first family has not been very well fed it is smaller in size than the later broods who have many workers to feed and



care for them. The nurse workers carry the tiny larvae and cocoons out into the warm sun and then carry them back underground as the sun sinks lower—before they have a chance to get cool.

At last, after mothering a large family of workers the queen lays the eggs which will hatch into males and females with wings. This family is very carefully guarded, fed, and tended by workers until it is ready for the marriage flight.

In places where there are many ant communities the air may be filled with the females starting off on this flight.

Not all of them find it possible to fly off and make new communities for the workers try to capture them as they are leaving and drag them back to keep the home community populated.

When the female is captured she picks off her wings and stays in the underground home of the colony.

The rest of her life which can be as long as 17 years. As for the males with wings, they have no hope of a long life under any circumstances. With most species the sexes meet in the air and mating takes place there.

The young queens set about establishing new colonies alone. The busy workers have no use for the males, so they are not allowed to come back into the home colony after their first flight. They soon become a meal for a bird or spider, or meet death in some other way.

In some ant communities the old members are killed by the workers just as soon as they become too feeble to do their share of the work. For the law of the Ant Hill is "Work or die!" and it is inexorable!

The Mysterious Caller

Everyone Knew Him, Although He Didn't Have a Name—

By MAX TRELL

TEDDY, the Stuffed Bear, heard the secret telephone behind the bookcase ringing. He waddled over to it as fast as his plumpness let him, for he was much too round to be able to run. It was still very early in the morning. He picked up the phone.

"Shush!" he said, speaking into the phone without knowing yet who was at the other end. "Everybody's asleep!" Then he suddenly reminded himself and added: "Oh, who is this?"

A big, gruff voice answered: "Hi, Teddy. My good fellow. This is an old friend of yours."

"An old friend?" said Teddy, very puzzled.

"Don't tell me you don't recognize my voice," said the stranger on the telephone. "I was here all last winter. You sat on my shoulders many a time."

"What's your name?" said Teddy.

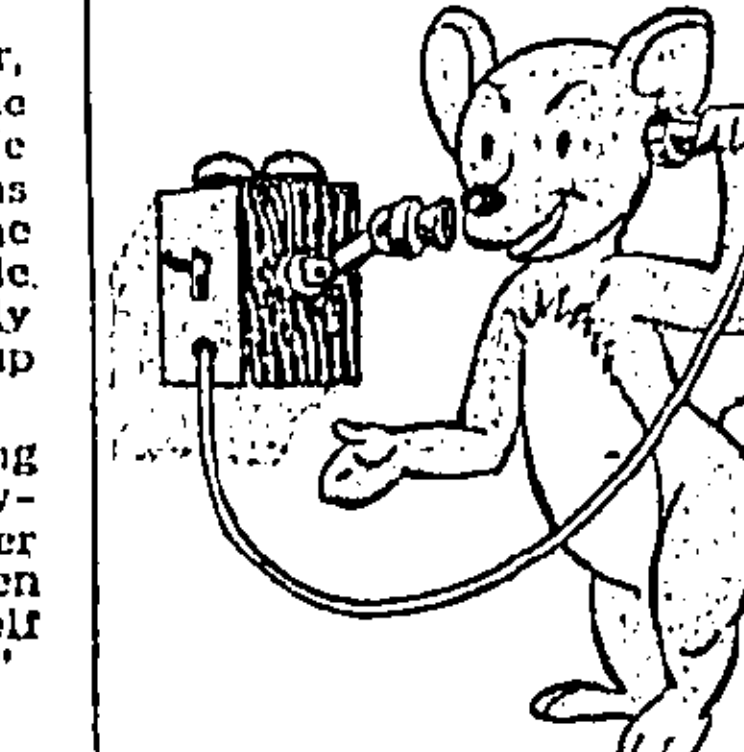
"Well, well, well," said the voice on the telephone. "I don't feel very good about your forgetting me, Teddy. But I can't tell you my name. I haven't got one."

Teddy said: "What do you look like?"

"I'm big," said the man on the telephone. "I've got a round head. I smoke a corn-cob pipe. I wear an old slouch hat. My eyes are two pine cones. The buttons of my coat are pine-poles. Well, do you know me now?"

Teddy tried as hard as he could. He couldn't remember who the man was. "Just a minute, please," he said. "I'll be right back."

Teddy put the telephone receiver on a book and waddled back from behind the bookcase. He looked around the room. Everyone was still asleep.



Standing Very Still

The only one who seemed to be awake was General Tin, the Tin Soldier. He was leaning on his rocking chair near the window. There was Hylawatha, the Indian Boy, stretched out near the radiator.

Teddy waddled over to him at once.

"There's someone on the telephone," he said to General Tin. "Is it for me?" asked General Tin.

"I don't know who it is," said Teddy. "He hasn't got a name. Would you go to the telephone and find out?"

"Certainly," said General Tin. "But if he has a name, what good will it do?"

However, General Tin went to the telephone. "Hello there," he said.

"Hi, General Tin," said the voice. "I bet you don't know who I am, eh?"

For just one moment, General Tin frowned, then slowly a smile began forming on his face.

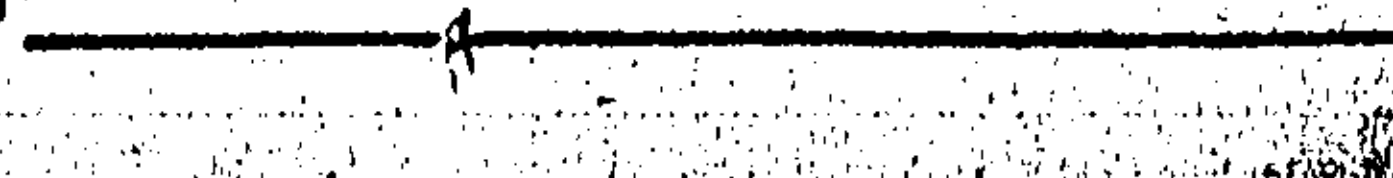
Familiar Voice

Rupert and the Gold Acorn—28



While the ear listens gravely the boy, tearfully explains his first. "The Toad," he says. "When I was first captured, I threw it secretly into the dark hollow of a tree. My enemy saw it not. But, alas, on my return it was there."

ALL NIGHT



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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1956.

STARTS INSTANTLY
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CLICKER
MEDIUM & FINE
BALLPOINTS AVAILABLE

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

Self-Employed

THE troubles in Cyprus are fully reflected from time to time in those London streets, or tenements, or other segments of the city that Cypriots have made largely their own.

Greek Cypriot and Turkish set about each other, the men with their fists, the women with their tongues, as tempers, lost over trifles, flare, complaints are made to magistrates, summonses, cross-summonses, are demanded. Patiently, the courts set about soothing ruffled dignity, and restoring harmony. The other day, a Cyprian incident of a different order took place.

EARLY START

A YOUNG man named Achille was working at his job of painter-decorator in the flat of a fellow-countryman.

Achille is a lean, handsome youth, whose working life started in a Cyprus soup factory—when he left school at the age of 12.

He came to London in 1954, and recently, at the age of 19, gave up a £9 a week job to become his own master. Achille could not afford to pay himself anything like the wage his former employer had.

10s. LEFT

HIS profit at the end of his second week in business on his own, was £4. The rent of the furnished flat where he lived with his wife, was £3 10s. And his wife was expecting a baby.

Money worries chased each other round Achille's brain as he worked on his compatriot's home. Debts were mounting, his wife was fretting, both he and she were hungry, and cold. Wearily, Achille shifted aside a bed in the room he was painting. Under the bed he found a bag. He opened it, inside were 14 £1 notes and two savings certificates. Quickly Achille pocketed them. Then he stopped work and left the house.

INVITATION ACCEPTED

HE did not return to his job on the next morning, a Saturday, but on the Monday he did. He was met in the flat by the police.

"You taken any money from this room?" the police asked. "Of course not," Achille said, smoothing down the new, royal-blue duftie coat he was wearing. "Not got anything at home that doesn't belong to you?" "Course not. You can come and look if you like."

"We will," said the police, Achille's jaw dropped. "Let's go now," said the police.

ROYAL BLUE COAT

"I've not brought you any money home, have I?" Achille demanded of his wife, when the party reached his home.

"Why, yes, of course you have," his wife, in innocence, replied. "On Friday, how can you have forgotten—and you, wearing the coat we bought together, with some of the money..."

At the Clerkenwell court, Achille pleaded guilty to the theft. "Ten pounds of the stolen money has been returned," a policeman said to the magistrate, Mr. E. G. Robey, when the story had been told. "I think this man and his wife have been living in very straitened circumstances..."

"Well, as you're a man of good character, and in view of your age, I shall not send you to prison," said the magistrate to Achille. "I'm going to fine you £5, and you must pay £5 compensation under supervision to the man you stole from."

"Yes, sir," Achille said, and he left, pulling the blue duftie coat about him. For as long as he wore it, he would remember how dear it had cost; his wife would remember, too.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

12ADJIAN Wall, Will Wild Oats
Oars Roars Bellows Billows Willows
Wind Hales Cain Cabin Log Lop
Curtail Curtail Iron Iron Iron
Draile Lud Land Lubber Lubber
Whale Shale Share Plough Furrow
Wrinkle Pin Wink Wine Wane Wand
Baton Baron Aaron Rod Rod
Fancy Nancy Nanny Goat Goat
Great DANE

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Arab Defence Plan Submitted To Hussein SYRIAN PREMIER REPORTS TO HEADS OF STATE

Cairo, Mar. 9.

The Syrian Prime Minister, Said el Ghazzi, returned here from Amman tonight and immediately reported to the Egyptian, Syrian and Saudi Arabian heads of state on his flying mission to King Hussein of Jordan.

Arab diplomatic circles said the three leaders may meet King Hussein in Amman next week.

Wales Should Beat Ireland At Rugby

Dublin, Mar. 9.

If current form and recent history provide any criterion, Wales should beat Ireland here tomorrow and carry off Rugby Union's blue riband award, the mythical triple crown.

Wales have already defeated England and Scotland, whereas Ireland's record this season consists of two heavy reverses against France and England and a narrow win over a depleted Scottish team.

Ireland, moreover, have achieved little against Wales since their championship winning days just after the last war.

A 3-3 draw at Cardiff is the only break in a sequence of Welsh victories dating back to 1949.

HOME GROUND

Ireland, however, cannot be taken lightly, especially on their own ground.

The remodelled team is probably the strongest they have fielded this season.

The return of Robin Thompson, who captained the British Lions in South Africa, and two other experienced men Brady and Paddy O'Donoghue to the pack and the presence of such players as Jackie Kyle, Tony O'Reilly and Cecil Paradox, illustrate the task confronting Cliff Morgan and his colleagues.

SABOTEURS IN FIGHT

Buenos Aires, Mar. 9.

Fighting between saboteurs and the guard defending a military paint factory at Kilometer 14 on the Urquiza railroad, left several wounded on both sides.

A sentry spotted a group of men preparing rats and petrol near the plant. When he shouted at them to halt, they opened fire. The guard was summoned and firing between the saboteurs and soldiers lasted several minutes.

No official information has been issued.—United Press.

Rediffusion

H.K.T. The Adventures of the Scarlet Pimpernel, 12 Noon, Tune Time, 12.30 p.m., Music by Itoh; 1. Pipes of Melody; 1.18, News, Weather Report and Special Announcements; 1.30, Mantovani Memories; 1.45, The Voice of the Desert; 2.00, The Voice of the Desert; 2.15, The Voice of the Desert; 2.30, The Voice of the Desert; 2.45, The Voice of the Desert; 3.00, The Voice of the Desert; 3.15, The Voice of the Desert; 3.30, The Voice of the Desert; 3.45, The Voice of the Desert; 4.00, The Voice of the Desert; 4.15, The Voice of the Desert; 4.30, The Voice of the Desert; 4.45, The Voice of the Desert; 5.00, The Voice of the Desert; 5.15, The Voice of the Desert; 5.30, The Voice of the Desert; 5.45, The Voice of the Desert; 6.00, The Voice of the Desert; 6.15, The Voice of the Desert; 6.30, The Voice of the Desert; 6.45, The Voice of the Desert; 7.00, The Voice of the Desert; 7.15, The Voice of the Desert; 7.30, The Voice of the Desert; 7.45, The Voice of the Desert; 8.00, The Voice of the Desert; 8.15, The Voice of the Desert; 8.30, The Voice of the Desert; 8.45, The Voice of the Desert; 9.00, The Voice of the Desert; 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